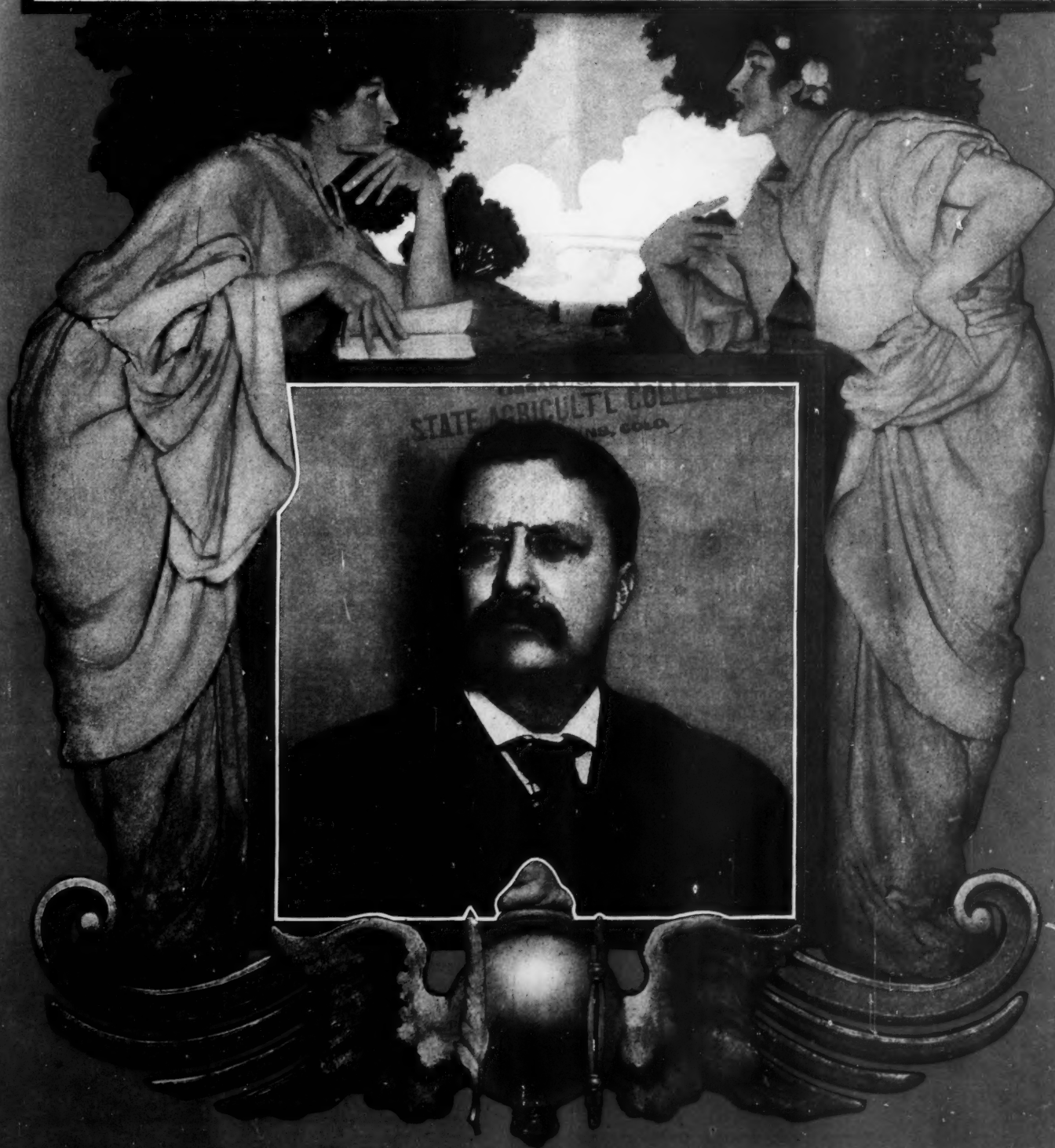


# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY




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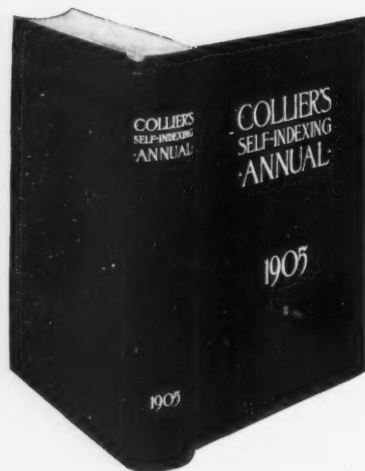
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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

REVIEW AND INAUGURATION NUMBER

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## EDITORIAL BULLETIN

### Frederick Palmer Goes Back to the War

FREDERICK PALMER'S article in the present number describes exactly what occurred during the first year of the war between Russia and Japan. The spring campaign between the two great armies now facing one another on the Hun River will probably begin in a few weeks, as soon as the snows begin to melt and the winter becomes mild enough for military operations to be possible. Mr. Palmer sailed from Vancouver for Japan several weeks ago, and is now on his way to join Field-Marshal Oyama's army in Manchuria. He will follow the Japanese movements as he did last year and send weekly letters to Collier's. These should begin to arrive and be published early in May. He will also send photographs to illustrate his written descriptions.

Richard Barry, who was at Port Arthur with General Nogi during the siege of that fortress, and who, like Mr. Palmer, returned to this country for the winter, is also on his way to join his old command, and will accompany General Nogi's forces wherever these may happen to be sent. It is quite likely that General Nogi may have command of the army that will in all probability be sent to invest Vladivostok, and here an entirely new field of description will be opened to our readers.

On the Russian side Collier's photographer, Victor K. Bulla, still remains with General Kuropatkin, and will send us during the coming campaign photographs taken on the Russian side.

Collier's will cover every feature of the second year's campaign as fully and as carefully, both in text and illustration, as it did last year.

### A Remington Number

THE issue of March 18 will be a Remington number. In October Collier's published a Gibson number, which was so successful that we have been led to prepare another issue devoted almost wholly to one of the artists who draws exclusively for this paper. The Remington number will be enclosed in a cover designed by Frederic Remington and printed in four colors, representing an Indian on horseback. The double-page picture will also be by Mr. Remington, printed in colors, representing a moose hunting scene on a Canadian lake. There will be other drawings by Mr. Remington scattered through the number. Mr. James Barnes has prepared an article on Mr. Remington as a sculptor, which will be illustrated by photographs of many of this artist's bronze statuettes. Miss Gertrude Kasebeer has taken a number of photographs of Mr. Remington in his studio and at his home. These will serve to illustrate an article which Mr. Remington has promised to contribute to the number.

### Will Bradley's Extravaganza

AN entirely new feature in weekly journalism will be introduced next month in a series of dramatic sketches by Will Bradley. This feature is in reality a play—a fairy play. Although it is not written in dramatic form, it is told consecutively as one would narrate the events of a production after having seen it in the theatre. Its title is "Castle Perilous, or Once Upon a Time," and Mr. Bradley calls it an extravaganza. It will be illustrated by Mr. Bradley in his well-known and quaint poster style, and the pictures will be printed in Collier's. All the pictures are either designed as posters or stage scenes; all are in flat color and designed to achieve the greatest decorative effect.

### The Prize Story Number

MR. ROWLAND THOMAS'S \$5,000 prize story, "Fagan," will be published in a special prize story number April 8. The story is undoubtedly one of the strongest that has been written for many years. The scene is laid in the Philippine Islands, where Mr. Thomas has lived and traveled to a great extent. The illustrations are by Charles Sarka, and are drawn in perfect harmony with the tale itself.



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**THE IRISH AGAIN**, are celebrated for their rollicking humor and keen wit. Good stories of them are always welcome. Certainly when one of the cleverest of Irish storytellers brings out a book it can not fail to make a hit. Seumas MacManus is the present-day Prince of Irish Storytellers, and his book "The Red Poacher," has been greeted everywhere with such superlatives of praise that it is useless to try to quote them. May as well let every reader invent his own exclamations of delight when he closes the book. It can be had for 75 cents, postpaid.

**THE IRISH ONCE MORE**, are lovers through and through. When we want an ideal love story, we pick out a gallant, poetic, passionate Irishman and his blue-eyed colleen, and we are pretty sure to develop a love story fit to set to music or put upon the stage. There is always novelty, humor, tenderness, passion, and sometimes tragedy in them. Anna MacManus, sometimes known as "Edna Carbery," the wife of Seumas MacManus, was endowed with a rare insight into the character and nature of these people—her people. With the pen of an artist and a great love in her heart, she has written six beautiful, throbbing, magically appealing Irish love stories which now appear in the book "The Passionate Hearts," price 75 cents, postpaid.

**THE IRISH FINALLY**, have a wealth of legend, folk-lore, and mythology. The wonderful doings of their ancient kings and warriors read like fairy tales, and such indeed they are in large part. Magic words, spears, and armor; the miraculous "quicken-tree," grown from a fairy seed; the fairy fées; the wonderful whistler whose flute-like notes charmed his enemies into fateful sleep; the superhuman prowess of the old-time heroes; the devotion of friends and the relentless hate of enemies—all play important parts in the legendary past of this picturesque people. Anna MacManus, author of "The Passionate Hearts," has given us nine stories of Irish adventure, legend, and mythology in her new book "In the Celtic Past." The stories glow with warm color and throb with chivalrous action and exciting adventure. The price is 75 cents, postpaid.

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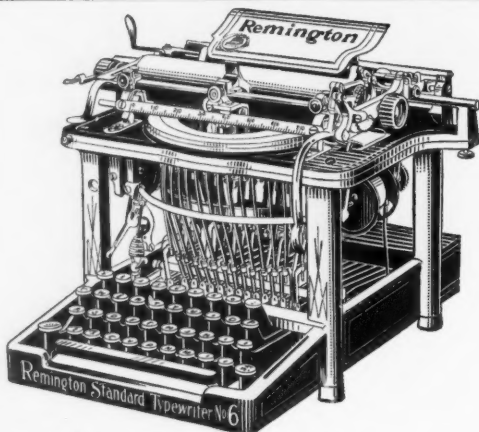
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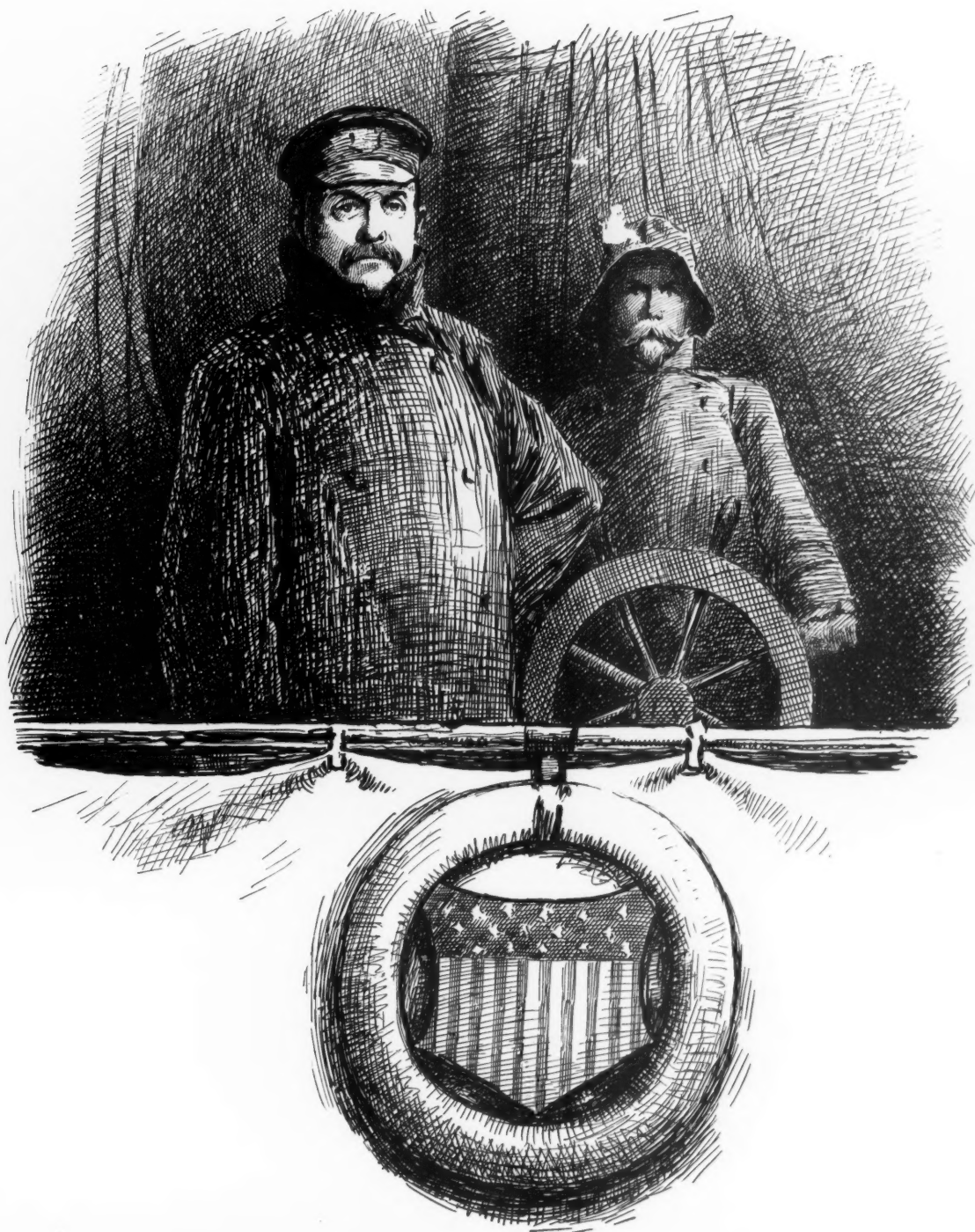
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416 West 13th Street, New York



# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE OLD SHIP IS IN PRETTY SAFE HANDS

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



**P**RINCIPLE AND PREJUDICE regarding property can both be found abundantly in the gusty West. In many States there is such hostility to "foreign capital" that any annoyance inflicted upon corporations or individuals residing at a distance is looked upon as patriotism, and juries can be relied upon to twist every doubt in favor of an ornament of the neighborhood against an outsider, especially if the brave citizen has shown "confidence" or "belief" in his native or adopted State and is also poor. With such prejudices, so intense and narrow as often to be distressingly unjust, goes much that is sincerely sympathetic with average human needs, above what is to be found in other regions. The West has led in the movement, now gaining mass and speed, against the power of money to make and beat the law. It has inspired ROOSEVELT, and it has produced most men of the class to

WESTERN  
RADICALS

which, in various aspects, belong LA FOLLETTE, FOLK, BRYAN, and TOM JOHNSON, and it is making the principal experiments in municipal and State resistance to monopoly. Kansas, a very hotbed of Western ardor, vim, and carelessness of tradition, has thrown her gauntlet into the face of Standard Oil, that greatest octopus of all. The land applauds and blesses her. The National Government will do what it can and dares. For Standard Oil is unpopular to a degree hardly equaled by monopolists in beef and coal. When one set of half a dozen men can play any tricks they choose with light, when another can not only control beef, but run up the price of storage eggs, and when another can manage railways and coal mines together under the banner of Divine Providence, no surprise is needed if the people begin to stir. Kansas is in a rage "for fair." Her remedy may fail or it may strike into the monopoly as an entering wedge. Other States talk of following her example. At any rate, we trust in her to stay in the ring until she wins or is too groggy to stand up.

**M**ERE ENVY OF SUCCESS and wealth is especially a little-ness in a country where every man has his chance. Resentment of riches is part of the feeling against such men as ROCKEFELLER, but it would have small force were it not combined with the belief that they have grown rich in defiance of the statute laws, to say nothing of the laws of Him whom some of them profess to follow. It is no mere class hostility that gives momentum to the effort to regulate ruthless competition. Confused alarms and fantastic remedies are not infrequent. Legislators attack one thing in the same breath that they admit the evil lies in something different. But

PREDATORY  
POOR AND RICH

under whatever confusion and whatever unfair prejudice there may be, lies the unescapable truth that for centuries the human race has been contriving penalties for crimes committed by the poor, and has done little toward arranging for the punishment of the rich. Petty larceny receives at least as much attention as it deserves from the machinery of justice, but a man may go through life giving huge bribes, thinly disguised, to get him special privileges, arranging corners in wheat or cotton, or contriving monopolies which by law make him a criminal, and he is in small danger either from officers of justice or from the social powers. It is because great theft is so much safer and more respectable than smaller theft that so much well-founded moral feeling enters into the agitation for stricter regulation of what we call capital.

**A**MERICA'S GREATEST ORATOR has put brilliantly the philosophy in pursuance of which our Constitution was drawn up. The spirit of liberty, he says, is "jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man; it demands checks; it seeks for guards; it insists on securities; it intrenches itself behind strong defences, and fortifies itself with all possible care against the assaults of ambition and passion; it does not trust the amiable weaknesses of human nature, and therefore it will not permit power to overstep

PRESIDENT  
AND SENATE

its prescribed limits, though benevolence, good intent, and patriotic purpose come along with it." That the words of WEBSTER still express the conviction of America is shown by the completeness with which opinion has veered around to the belief that the unpopular Senate was right in the check which it administered to the popular Chief Executive. The people trust Mr. ROOSEVELT, but they do not wish him or any other officer of the Government to run away with any powers not connected with his office in our scheme of government. His motives were excellent in the arbitration matter, and probably in the case of Santo Domingo, and possibly in the infinitesimal recess for the benefit of General Wood, but it is a good sign of surviving demo-

cratic jealousy that the Senate thinks these performances worthy of investigation. The word "prerogative" has been used so much to indicate various kinds of snags that it has lost its dignity, but the determination of each department to maintain its intended function is necessary to our scheme of government.

**H**OW COMES IT, when everybody admits that the American people as a whole would not have chosen so dishonorable a financial treatment of the Philippines, that those islands have been so long abused by us in what is most vital to their welfare? "Is it possible," asked Secretary TAFT, "that the House of Representatives or the Senate can force upon these people a domestic policy with reference to the carrying of goods and yet withhold the opportunity of markets for those goods?" To hold other races in subjection is one thing. To exploit them for our benefit and their injury is another. What lies under it? Sugar and tobacco in this country. Sugar and tobacco have a potent voice in our Senate and House of Representatives. The people of the United States may wish free trade between our country and the Philippines, but they have to wish it hard before they can turn the ears of their representatives away from the potent arguments of sugar and tobacco.

POWERS  
THAT BE

**"F**OR A SINGLE CRADLE," saith Nature, "I would give every one of my graves." This from a poem called "Barren," in "The Bard of the Dimbovitza," that collection of Roumanian peasant songs so instinct with poetry half dumb. What is reason, after all, and knowledge, and the little things we clearly understand, compared to those echoes of eternity that we call our instincts—those songs within us that are the music of a million years? It is as if this day of four-and-twenty hours should be compared to all that men and women have known and suffered since long before the human race was in its present form. The deepest poetry is Experience. How paltry seem the studied pleasures of the world. Diversions we call them, and diversions, in truth, they are, from the main tracks of Destiny. The man who will not work, the woman who does not bear, hears not the master notes of human fate. This is no essay on race suicide. We are not concerned about the population. We care little about whether children are furnished by Saxon elements or Scandinavian. It is a mere record of the truth that tumbles in our blood. It is like listening to the thunder, or seeing the tides in their resistless march upon the shore.

INSTINCT

**E**XPLODING GRAND DUKES with dynamite may retard or hasten the age of freedom. "The tree of liberty," cried the French agitator in the Convention of 1792, "grows only when watered by the blood of tyrants," a shallow and violent speech, but the constant answer to excess of tyranny. With explosives or without, freedom approaches irresistibly. Japan is an agency, Tolstoi and his like are agencies, as is communication with the outside world, but the causes are many and the final event is irresistible. Though we are shocked by barbarous revenges, we "pardon something to the spirit of liberty," however atrocious the crimes committed in her name. The obstacles in Russia are extreme. The banner of freedom there streams "against the wind," but it waves for what our fathers died for, and in the jealous guarding of which we live. Americans have known that liberty is never cheap, and Russians know it now. Long before Russia's strivings for emancipation had begun, England, the pioneer in modern freedom, had heard the message that liberty must be founded on something that arms can neither procure nor take away. But violence may sometimes open the way for that self-training which is a needed foundation for self-government. Of these recent tragedies, our best hope is that they may work for milder laws by increasing the necessity of peace, and hence weakening that faction whose creed has been relentless prosecution of the war abroad and equally relentless hostility to more liberal government at home.

LIBERTY

**T**HOSE PHANTOM BOATS showed persistency in the Russian fancy or in the Russian sober policy. It may be that the officers decided upon clinging to their story as the most diplomatic course to take. It is with difficulty conceivable that, when the horrid dream had been subjected to light and time, they believed in the reality of the torpedo boats which gave ROJESTVENSKY and

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his squadron such a scare. Yet the testimony was positive that Japanese torpedo boats did attack, from all sides, at a distance of about ten cable lengths. Remembering what the Japanese have done with torpedo boats around Port Arthur, we have reason to be disappointed in their performances in the North Sea channel, where, despite their number and ferocity, they injured no single ship. In one way, however, they did keep up the reputation of their country for new and unexpected gifts. They were invisible to all the world before this night attack, and they have been undiscovered since. History records no other case of a torpedo fleet acting with such amazing secrecy in such a crowded neighborhood so far from home. Dogger Bank, taking all in all, is a more startling exploit by the Japanese than the night surprise with which they opened the campaign. That was startling,

**STICKING TO IT** but this is supernatural. Such unrealities, in sober truth, can hardly help the Russians in the end. It will be for their welfare when they learn the advantage of frankness and reason in diplomacy. Such an act as Mr. HAY is reported to intend with regard to China must seem to Russian policy a pure mystery. Our Secretary of State, as soon as the present Asiatic complications are at an end, is to give back \$22,000,000 of the \$24,000,000 indemnity paid to us by China, because \$2,000,000 proves to be enough to satisfy all losses by our citizens. Such a deed illuminates the spirit which helps to make Mr. HAY the leading diplomat of the world. It stands at one extreme, and Russia's old-fashioned deviousness hangs on uselessly at the other. The same advance in candor and humanity that must be part of her cure at home will strengthen her diplomacy abroad.

**JAPANESE IRONY** was much like universal irony when the Mikado's minister at Paris laughed at the world's new appreciation of Japan. "We have for many generations sent to Europe exquisite lacquer work, delicately carved figures, beautiful embroidery, and many other commodities which showed how artistic we are; but the Europeans described us as 'uncivilized.' We have recently killed some seventy thousand Russians, and every European nation is wondering at the high condition of civilization which we have attained." Yet the world cares for the finer side of life enough to be wondering regretfully now whether Japan will not lose it in her material expansion. Nor is mere killing the only thing we admire in the history of this war. Mere courage is something; patriotism is something; the subordination of men to laws

**CIVILIZATION**

outside themselves is recognized as power and elevation. The Chairman of our Committee on Military Affairs, in the House of Representatives, is quoted as saying that it will never be possible for us to compete with the Japanese in military medical efficiency, on account of expense and the unwillingness of our soldiers to obey. The cost side is pure nonsense. If, in the war with Spain, we lost 355 men through the enemy and 3,862 from disease, it would obviously save money, if it is possible, to keep a smaller army in a state of Japanese effectiveness. The death rate in Manchuria from disease is below the ordinary death rate in times of peace. That, as practical science at its highest point, is part of civilization, and rightly admired by the world. We did admire Japan's art before, whether or not we recognized its connection with other elements of civilization. It is at bottom no cause for satire that we are now so frank in admiration of her science and morale.

**SHREWDNESS IS A TRAIT** which is naturally expected of men who bunco their constituents with unusual success. Politicians of the wickedly triumphant stamp are assumed to be as adroit as the leading spirits in business enterprises of the secret and over-profitable kind. It is, therefore, continually surprising to see how unfathomably stupid in ordinary conduct some leading exponents of political corruption can be. The story of Alderman

**IDIOTS AND POLITICIANS**

CULLERTON of Chicago is not exceptional. As he had been in the business of illegal politics for many years, and gained a despicable notoriety therein, one might have expected from him at least average ability in playing tricks. The Municipal League, wishing to injure him by all permissible means, raked up and published the fact that Mr. CULLERTON was ineligible to the Council, he not having paid his taxes for 1901 and 1903. Reading this document hastily, or only hearing about it, CULLERTON hastily paid his taxes for 1903 and then made a furious moral onslaught, in the Council, against the League, and

particularly its secretary, WALTER FISHER. This was too good a joke to pass unnoticed. Mr. FISHER immediately answered jocosely, showing that the taxes for 1903 were paid after the accusation and just before the moral diatribe, and that those for 1901 were still overlooked. The Chicago papers amused themselves in their cheery Western vein by cartoons and articles, guessing at why CULLERTON had become so sensitive. Here are extracts from the League's observations on him in the past: "Final report 1901—Platform, 'anything to get at the crib.' Final report 1901—Has this year secured his nomination under circumstances that would make any other man infamous; is now running in the joint interests of traction companies and himself; his recent bankruptcy will prevent his creditors from profiting by his 'earnings' if elected; the ward should nail up the hide of this ravenous wolf." Alderman CULLERTON took all this like a philosopher. It was only when he was accused of being sued for taxes amounting to \$13.78 and \$15.15 that his ethical wrath broke loose. If anybody can explain how a creature with over twenty years' experience in the trickery of venal politics can indulge in tactics so feeble-minded, we shall receive the psychology with interest. For CULLERTON's case is not exceptional. The frequency of such episodes is the surprising thing about them.

**WHEN CLODIA WAS CAPTIVATING** the clever men of Rome, it was sometimes said of her that she danced better than was proper in a virtuous woman. In those days all the arts were looked upon as suspicious attributes in feminine possession. What now helps a woman to social power in the great capitals of the Western world once classed her among the indiscreet. In Asia something of that old habit lives, but it is surely doomed. People once feared to free their slaves, and Livy warned his contemporaries that, shackled as they were, wives were hard enough to manage. "What, then, will happen if you give them equal rights?" The consequences were not as lamentable as the great historian supposed. But, of course, with unaccustomed freedom always comes exaggeration. The limited marriage bill now before the Colorado Legislature is a solemn expression of the fantastic theories that have decorated the progress of matrimonial liberty. A legislative measure to be more seriously considered makes married women responsible for their debts, where the husbands can not meet them. As women hold property and enter many new employments, some change in their legal liabilities seems inevitable. Industrial discrimination between the sexes, however, can not be too far abandoned, without stupid oblivion to differences which were fashioned neither by laws nor by society, and consequently are beyond repeal by either.

**MODERN WOMAN**

**WOMEN LIE OUTRIGHT** less frequently than men do, in cases where both wish to convey a false impression. Various persons, including the poet HEINE and ourselves, have made this observation from time to time, and have propounded different causes. HEINE thinks it is because the ladies are less creative. We incline to the theory that it is because they are more conservative. Between constructive and literal falsehood the difference in morals is something on which we shall not dogmatize. "Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth," yet these social lies are eminently respectable, while opprobrium is kept for statements which are only specifically untrue. Is it not worse to falsify one's beliefs than any mere fact? Thousands wear their convictions as they do their clothes, for fashion and decorum, who would never think of saying they were in Baltimore yesterday when they were actually in Philadelphia.

**LIES**

Does experience make us more or less exact? "Lord," says FALSTAFF, that great exemplar, "how subject we old men are to this vice of lying," but MONTAIGNE, more seriously, describes his custom as being to speak truth "not so much as I would, but so much as I dare, and I dare a little the more as I grow older." As to success, we remember this from SWIFT: "As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty." For SWIFT our admiration is profound, but had he lived since newspapers became a power he would not have hazarded so rash an estimate. Stories are printed every day of such a fascination that we almost weep when another day brings the retraction, even as some child might weep to hear that GULLIVER was dead.

## GENERAL STOESSEL LEAVING PORT ARTHUR

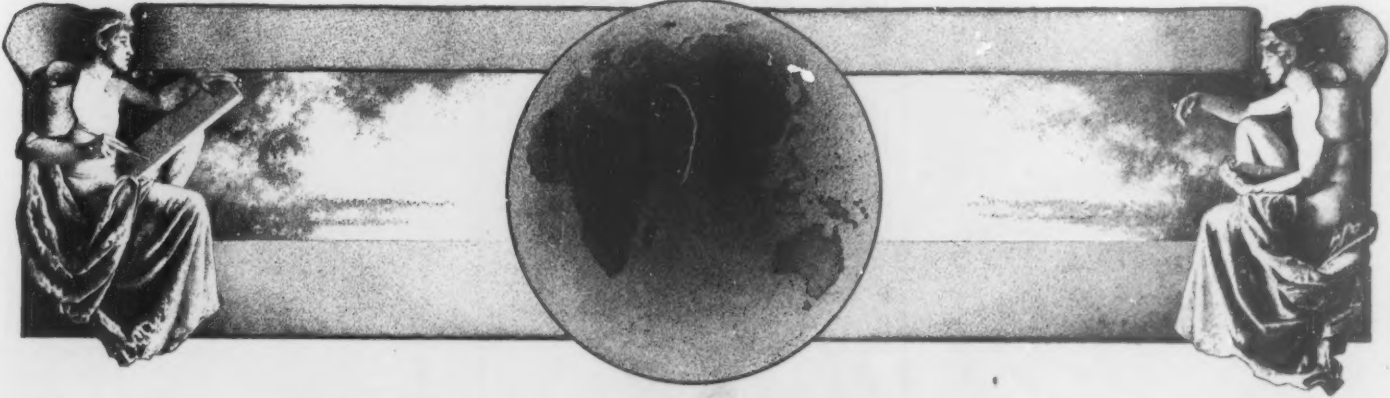
On his way to Russia to face a Court-martial for Surrendering to the Japanese



This photograph shows General Stoessel and a few officers of his staff waiting in front of the railway station at Chang-ling-tzu to take train for Dalny after the surrender of Port Arthur. General Stoessel is the figure in the light overcoat and fur hat standing directly in front of the doorway. His dog, which followed him about everywhere during the siege, lies at his feet. General Stoessel left Dalny January 12 on the transport "Kamimaru" with his family and several of his officers, and arrived at Nagasaki January 14. On January 17 he sailed for Marseilles on the steamship "Australian." With him were his wife and daughter, two admirals, two generals, 245 other officers, and more than 300 civilians from Port Arthur.



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



## THE NEW LEASE OF THE WHITE HOUSE

ON THIS 4th of March the Presidential term of William McKinley comes to an end and that of Theodore Roosevelt begins. For the first time in American history a Vice-President succeeding to the Presidency by the death of his chief renews his tenure in his own right. With the new Presidential term comes a new Congress, with Republican majorities increased from twenty-four to twenty-six in the Senate, and from thirty-four to one hundred and fourteen in the House. In the new Congress the party controlling the Executive will have almost a two-thirds majority in each House—a preponderance unknown since Grant's second administration. There will also be in effect a new Cabinet, for although the only actual change is the substitution of Mr. Cortelyou for Mr. Wynne as Postmaster-General, all the other members have tendered their resignations and will act hereafter under new commissions. Of all the cabinet officers who welcomed Mr. Roosevelt on his accession to power, only three—John Hay, Secretary of State; Ethan A. Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, and James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture—remain.

### McKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT

WHEN THE REINS of government dropped from the hands of William McKinley, the nation was obviously on the verge of momentous changes. McKinley's last speeches indicated that if he had lived he would have tried to turn the forces of change in the direction of an expansion of foreign trade. He said that the period of exclusion was past, and condemned the idea that we could always sell without buying. He would have concentrated public attention upon the question of tariff revision. Mr. Roosevelt inherited his policies, but with a different emphasis. He accepted the idea of tariff revision, but mildly, with an amiable willingness to drop it if it gave offence. His own energies were devoted to the cultivation of the spirit of hostility to oppressive trusts and corporations. He conducted an active crusade along this line, crossing the continent and rousing public sentiment everywhere in behalf of his favorite prescription of publicity and a "square deal." He said that if the existing laws and the additional laws that Congress had the power to pass proved insufficient, we ought to have a constitutional amendment. The first fruit of this agitation was the creation of the Department of Commerce and Labor, under George B. Cortelyou as its first Secretary, with its Bureau of Corporations, organized and still managed by James R. Garfield.

### AFTER THE CORPORATIONS

THE WORK of the Department of Commerce and Labor proceeded steadily and quietly, disregarding the clamor of political opponents for immediate results, and meanwhile President Roosevelt turned his attention to other possibilities in the same line. He keyed up the Department of Justice to the work of thoroughly testing the value of the laws already enacted. Under his impulse Attorney-General Knox began and carried to a triumphant conclusion the suit against the Northern Securities Company, which proved the far-reaching power of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890. This action was followed by suits against the Beef Trust and other combinations, which made notable additions to the body of settled corporation law. In the course of these proceedings the President became convinced that one of the chief incubators of trust evils was the power of unscrupulous private interests over railroad rates. To have an idea was with him equivalent to beginning to do something about it. Mr. Roosevelt added to his programme an agitation for the regulation of railroad rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and in the session of Congress now ending

this principle captured the House and is rattling the doors of the Senate. It is typical of his unique position in the public esteem that he has been able to carry on this crusade and at the same time to keep in his Cabinet, without any apparent loss of popular confidence, an officer who was for years an active participant in what that very Interstate Commerce Commission whose powers he is trying to enlarge calls "flagrant, wilful and continuous violations" of the law against rebates.

### THE SOUTHERN MISHAP

McKINLEY LEFT to his successor a country more united, less torn by sectional dissensions, than it had been since the Missouri Compromise. Mr. Roosevelt took office with a popularity not bounded by geographical lines. Half a Southerner by blood, he was welcomed by the South as a President of its own. But three incidents—the Crum appointment, the closing of the Indianola post-office, and the Booker Washington lunch—transformed all this good will into a fury of rancor, recalling the worst days of the reconstruction epoch. Mr. Roosevelt has been trying ever since to live down his unpopularity in the South, and to some extent he has succeeded. His opposition to the scheme of cutting down Southern representation in Congress, which, however, never had any real vitality, has contributed toward this end. The whole trouble showed how much more important manner sometimes is than matter. As a general rule, President Roosevelt has displayed much more consideration for the Southern idea of white government than was shown by any of his Republican predecessors, but lack of tact in particular cases undid all the good effects of a reasoned and generally conciliatory policy. His mistakes in

this matter all came in a group, and have not been repeated. Mr. Roosevelt has made several attempts to explain his position for the benefit of the Southern people and to assure them of his real friendliness.

### THE ADMINISTRATION IN DIPLOMACY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has been fortunate in inheriting from his predecessor a diplomat who has shed more lustre upon his Administration than it has gained from any other source. That Administration is hardly stamped more characteristically in its internal policies with the personality of Theodore Roosevelt than it is in its foreign relations with the personality of John Hay. And when mistakes have been made in the management of our foreign affairs—when the beautiful smoothness of our diplomacy has been marred by rash and raw freaks of adventure—the public has been inclined to absolve Mr. Hay of the responsibility and lay the blame on ill-considered interference from the White House. The great work of Mr. Hay's career, begun under McKinley and continued under Roosevelt, has been the preservation of China. Five years ago it was generally agreed, by some with regret and by others with exultation, that the most ancient empire on the globe was doomed. The process of partition had already begun. Germany had seized Kiao-Chau, Russia was firmly entrenched in Manchuria, England had taken Wei-Hai-Wei, and staked out a claim in the Yangtse Valley, and an international conference to divide the whole country seemed a matter of the near future. The Boxer outbreak brought matters to a head. Any company that had offered to ensure China's life for a year would have been held guilty of indulging in "frenzied finance." But John Hay kept his head while the mob surged about the legations; he saved the lives of the foreign ministers, and he saved China too. The moderation and justice displayed by the American Government in that crisis immeasurably strengthened our position in the Far East. They gave us the confidence of China and Japan. The death of McKinley caused no break in the Asiatic policy of Mr. Hay. He has often had to repeat his first great service, and it is due to him that China has not been made the battle-ground, and much of her territory the prize of victory, in the present war.

If the greatest achievement of Secretary Hay was the maintenance of the integrity of China, the greatest personal triumph of President Roosevelt in the field of foreign affairs was the final destruction of all obstacles in the way of digging the Panama Canal. This is a piece of work as characteristic of Roosevelt as the preservation of the open door in Manchuria is characteristic of Hay. Down to a certain point the Panama proceedings disclose only the delicate workmanship of the Secretary of State. Under McKinley his diplomacy cleared away the half-century old obstruction of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Under Roosevelt his tact soothed the fractious susceptibilities of the Colombian representatives at Washington and achieved a treaty giving us the right to construct the canal. There his power stopped. The Congress at Bogota, ensconced at the end of its mule-trails among its mountains and forests, was beyond the range of his magnetism. The Hay-Herran treaty was rejected. Then the diplomat gave way to the bronco-buster. In a day a new republic, garrisoned by American marines, took its place among the nations of the earth; in a week we had a treaty with it, and a strip of land from ocean to ocean was practically added to the possessions of the United States. Moralists shivered, but President Roosevelt had won the imperishable distinction of putting in the way of actual execution a splendid project of world-improvement about which mankind had been talking for three hundred years.

To Mr. Roosevelt, too, we must credit or debit, ac-

## INAUGURATION DAY

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER

ON this great day a child of time and fate  
On a new path of power doth stand and wait.

Though heavy-burdened, shall his heart rejoice,  
Dowered with a nation's faith, an empire's choice.

Who hath no strength, but that the people give,  
And in their wills, alone, his will doth live.

On this one day, this, this, is their one man,—  
The well-beloved, the chief American!

Whose people are his brothers, fathers, sons:  
In this his strength, and not a million guns.

Whose power is mightier than the mightiest  
crown,  
Because that soon he lays that power down.

Whose wish, linked to the people's, shall exceed  
The force of civic wrong and banded greed.

Whose voice, in friendship or in warning heard,  
Brings to the nations a free people's word;

And, where the oppressed out from the darkness  
grope,  
'Tis as the voice of freedom and of hope.

O pray that he may rightly rule the State,  
And grow, in truly serving, truly great.

according to the point of view, that tremendous development of the Monroe Doctrine which has put Santo Domingo under our guardianship, and which throws the shadow of Manifest Destiny over the whole of the Western Hemisphere.

#### ROOSEVELT IN POLITICS

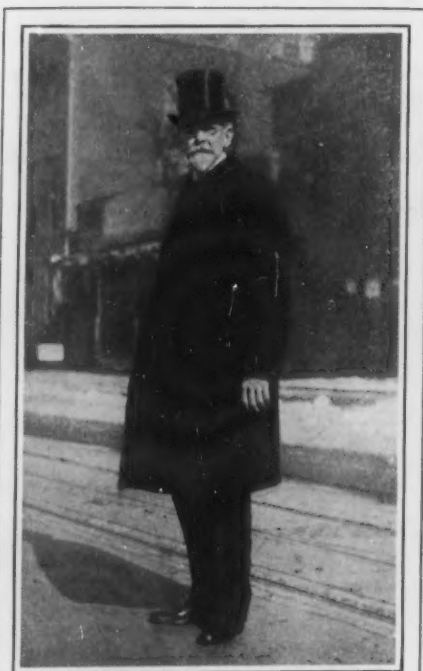
MR. ROOSEVELT has made his own precedents, in politics as well as in statesmanship. Two years ago even his nomination was in doubt. He forced his rivals in his own party out of the field by frankly avowing his candidacy and compelling the party leaders to speak out in the hearing of the people and say whether they were for or against him. He secured resolutions of indorsement from State Conventions a year in advance. He galloped over all opposition in his party, and when he had lassoed the nomination, he galloped over all opposition in the nation as well. Not only did he break all records in the size of his majorities, but he captured even the men who had voted against him. The Democratic party hailed him after election as an exponent of Democratic principles. Mr. Bryan gave his policies the seal of his own distinguished approval, and his measures won the cordial support of the Democrats in Congress. Every President professes to be not the chief of a party but of the American people, but never since James Monroe has there been one who could make that profession with such good reason as can Theodore Roosevelt.

#### QUAY AS A MODEL

CONGRESS DEVOTED itself on February 18 to eulogies on the late Senator Quay. As was fitting, Senator Platt of New York paid a feeling tribute to the virtues of the departed statesman, whose life he described as an "inspiration to humanity," charged with "those human traits and qualities which inspire emulation." As was equally fitting, Senator Penrose expressed his admiration for the master whose precepts and example have formed his own political character. With similar appropriateness Representative Grosvenor poured libations of praise to Quay in the House. But the most remarkable feature of the occasion was that it fell to the lot of Senator Knox to dedicate his maiden speech in the Senate to the glorification of the man who had done more than any other one person to reduce Pennsylvania to its present state of political degradation. With an admiration that helped to satisfy some public curiosity as to his own ideals, Mr. Knox described Quay's "eminent services to the nation, the State of Pennsylvania, and his party; his mastership of the art of statecraft and political finesse, and his magnificent strategy and courage."

#### THE RUSSIAN TERROR

WHILE THE parties of reform and of despotism in Russia were struggling for the control of the vacillating mind of the Czar, and the question of convoking the ancient assembly of the Zemsky Sobor was still in suspense, the nation was convulsed on February 17 by the news that the Terrorists had begun the execution of the death sentences pronounced on fourteen members of the reactionary group about the Emperor. The first victim was the Grand Duke Sergius, uncle of the Czar, and the most ruthless of the advocates of government by knout and sabre. He was killed, like Alexander II and De Plehve, in what may now be called the classical Russian manner—by throwing a bomb into his carriage. Fully conscious of his danger, he had been careful not to show himself in



JUDGE CHARLES SWAYNE

United States District Judge for the Northern District of Florida, whose impeachment trial before the Senate has been one of the chief sensations of the session of Congress now closing

public, and this was the first time since his sentence had been passed that he had driven out without his wife, whom the revolutionists did not wish to kill. The deed took place within the walls of that city of palaces, churches, and castles collectively known as the Kremlin. The Grand Duke was on the way to a private Russian bath. His equipage, followed by secret police in sleighs, was about to pass through the narrow Nikolsky Gate, when a man dressed as a workman drew a bomb, filled with nails and scrap iron, from under his coat, and threw it with deliberate precision into the carriage. The explosion tore Sergius literally into fragments, and desperately wounded his coachman. The assassin was arrested, but expressed satisfaction that he had "done his job," and that he had been able to kill the Grand Duke without injuring his innocent wife.

#### REVOLUTION IN THE AIR

THE BOMB that killed Sergius shook all Russia. Now, if never before, the "terrorists" had justified their name. Terror seized the imperial household and those officials and nobles who were identified with autocratic government. Not a single member of the Czar's family attended the solemn requiem mass for the repose of the dead prince's soul held in St. Petersburg on the day after the tragedy. General Trepoff, Governor-General of St. Petersburg, whose name was on the list of the doomed, kept himself behind guarded doors. No signs of sorrow were seen among the people. In some places crowds openly cheered the murder and sang the "Marseillaise." Everywhere the

spirit of insurrection flamed up. "Russia is in full revolution," said a member of the Government. Mingled with demands for representative institutions came equally insistent demands for peace. "Stop the war," was the watchword of the party of discontent. It found expression in the newspapers in spite of the censorship. It had still more practical expression in the recrudescence of the strikes in the great iron works which were supplying naval and military material. This stoppage of supplies threatened to cripple the forces at the front, and compelled the Government to place orders abroad. On February 20 the professors, students, and directors of the University of St. Petersburg held a great joint meeting, the first ever authorized, and with incendiary speeches and unparalleled excitement adopted resolutions demanding a Constituent Assembly, universal suffrage, and autonomy for the non-Russian provinces.

#### DEMORALIZATION AT THE FRONT

THE JAPANESE have begun to harass the Russian communications by bands of raiders, including Chinese "bandits," who attack the railroad near Harbin and sometimes ambush parties of its defenders. Meanwhile complete demoralization seems to have set in among the officers of the Russian army and navy. They are talking freely for publication, accusing each other of incompetence and cowardice. The late defenders of Port Arthur are exchanging the bitterest recriminations on the way home. General Stoessel is described by some as a coward and by others as a hero. Although General Kuropatkin succeeded in making General Gripenberg's position at the front untenable, the stories General Gripenberg has told on his return to Russia have seriously shaken confidence in Kuropatkin. Neither in the naval nor in the military service does it seem possible now for the Russian forces to go into action with any confidence in their leadership.

#### THE ARMY IN THE TELEGRAPH BUSINESS

ADVOCATES of the public ownership of public utilities will find arguments in the scale of rates for social messages over the Alaskan telegraph lines of the Army Signal Corps, which went into effect on March 1. In that vast wilderness the Government will transmit a limited number of such messages at fifty cents for ten words or twenty-five words for a dollar. A corporation in control of this system would charge at least five times the price. The Signal Corps is operating a complete system of telegraph lines reaching every military station and every important settlement in Alaska. Its web covers 3,865 miles, including 2,261 miles of cable, 1,497 miles of land lines, and 107 miles of wireless. The last item takes the place of a cable across Norton Sound, which had to be abandoned on account of the irresistible crush of the ice-pack. It is the longest commercial wireless line regularly working in the world, and it has been completely and uninterruptedly successful. The army system in Alaska is not only complete in itself, but it is connected by its own cable with the general system of the United States at Seattle.

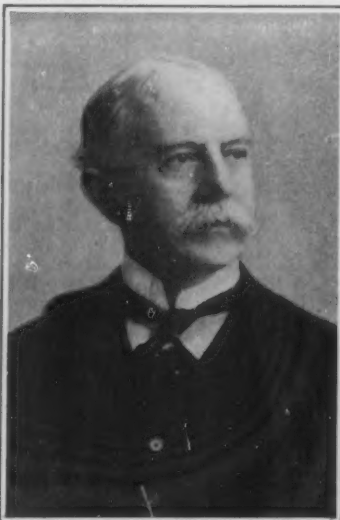
#### WILHELM, I. R., LL.D.

IT IS DR. WILHELM now. On Washington's Birthday, through his Ambassador at Washington, the German Kaiser received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Pennsylvania, along with his great and good friend, President Roosevelt. This is said to be the first occasion on which a reigning sovereign has



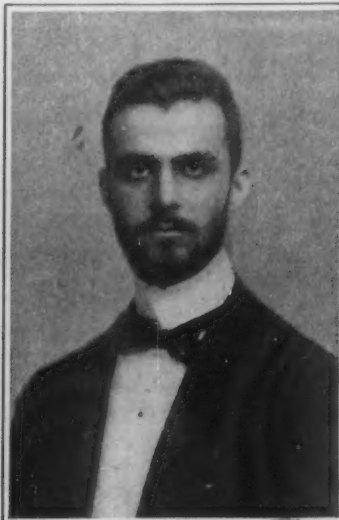
GRAND DUKE SERGIUS ALEXANDROVITCH

The tyrannical uncle of the Czar—killed by a bomb in the Kremlin, at Moscow, February 17, 1905



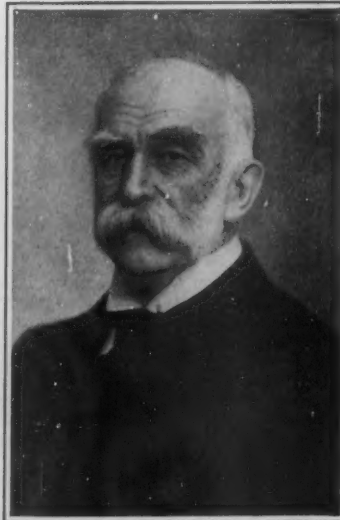
JAMES W. ALEXANDER

President of the Equitable Assurance Society and leader of the movement to give control to policy-holders



JAMES H. HYDE

Vice-President and principal stockholder of the Equitable, whom President Alexander tried to oust



JAMES COOLIDGE CARTER

Publisher and one of the leaders of the American bar—died at his home in New York, February 14



## CHICAGO'S FOUR-DAY FIRE RECORD



THE FIRE-AND-FROST-WRECKED CENTRAL ELECTRIC COMPANY BUILDING, FEBRUARY 11



APARTMENT HOUSES BURNING ON FEBRUARY 13 WITH THERMOMETER AT 5 DEGREES BELOW 0



THE BREVORT HOTEL, BURNED FEBRUARY 14

In the four days of below-zero weather, from February 11 to 14, the Chicago fire department fought some three hundred fires. The damage caused by the four pictured in the accompanying photographs was in the neighborhood of one million dollars. One of them turned one hundred people out into the cold, homeless. Many firemen were frostbitten and the department was taxed to the utmost.



THE 10 DEGREES BELOW 0 FIRE OF MILLER BUILDING, FEBRUARY 14

ever taken an American university degree. The honor was conferred upon the Emperor, not on account of his industry in making laws, but in recognition of his services to learning in promoting the exchange of American and German professors. This enlightened idea, which promises so much for the advancement of international scholarship, could hardly have been carried out without the initiative of a man who, like the Kaiser, combines great power, great enthusiasm, and enlightened views. It has been welcomed in American university circles, but the German professors have received it more coldly. Experience will doubtless convince them of its benefits, but meanwhile the plan will profit by the energetic support of the imperial Doctor of Laws.

## THE DOMINICAN PROTECTORATE

**A**FTER ALL its tortuous course of evasion, denial, and explanation, the President's Santo Domingo policy has finally been brought upon the firm ground of constitutional order. On February 15 the new protocol was submitted to the Senate, with a special message urging its speedy ratification. Its text was made public the next day. After reciting the burden of the Dominican debts, and "the imminent peril and urgent menace of intervention" on the part of nations whose citizens have claims against the republic, together with the unwillingness of the United States to tolerate such intervention, it states that the American Government is disposed to accede to the request of Santo Domingo that it lend its assistance toward effecting a satisfactory arrangement with all the creditors of that country, "agreeing to respect the complete territorial integrity of the Dominican Republic." The agreement then sets forth the undertaking of the

United States to attempt the adjustment of the Dominican debts, for which purpose it will take charge of all the custom houses of the republic, pay to the Dominican Government at least forty-five per cent of the receipts, and use the rest for maintaining the customs service and paying the debts. Santo Domingo is not to reduce its import duties, increase its export duties or borrow money without the consent of the President of the United States. The Government of the United States, on request, is to give to Santo Domingo such other assistance as it may deem proper to "restore the credit, preserve the order, increase the efficiency of the civil administration, and advance the material progress and welfare of the Dominican Republic." In his message transmitting this agreement, President Roosevelt cited the precedent of our dealings with Cuba under the Platt Amendment, and indeed it is manifest that the new protocol makes Santo Domingo quite as much a dependency of the United States as Cuba is. But the President insists that this degree of control on our part is "an international duty" which is "necessarily involved in the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine." The same principle, of course, applies to all the other republics of this hemisphere which may prove themselves disorderly and irresponsible.

## SENATE HELPING CANADIAN PROTECTION

**T**HE RULING of the Attorney-General, put into effect by the Treasury Department, that American millers could recover drawbacks on Canadian wheat mixed with American wheat and ground into flour for export, has been attacked from two sides. In Canada it has been regarded as a deep and dangerous American scheme to destroy the Canadian milling industry, and Mr. Maclean, M. P. for South York, has raised the question in the Dominion House of Commons, urging the Government to meet the peril by an export duty on wheat. In the United States Senate it has been treated as an assault on the interests of the American farmers, and under the lead of Mr. Hansbrough of North Dakota an amendment was tacked to the Agricultural Appropriation bill annulling the Attorney-General's ruling as far as it affected wheat. Thus the Senate was doing the work of the Canadian protectionists, just as it did in a still more signal fashion by wrecking the reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland. But in this case it happened to collide with the privileges of the House, and in the smash the drawback privilege escaped. The House held that the Senate's amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation bill was revenue legislation, which under the Constitution could originate only in the popular branch of Congress. It refused to receive the bill with the amendment, and

the Senate receded. On the merits of the question it was clear that the apprehensions of the Canadian millers had much more foundation than those of the American farmers. If Canadian wheat were ground for export in the United States, that particular wheat would certainly not be ground in Canada, but it could not affect the price of American wheat, which would have to meet its competition in Liverpool on whichever side of the boundary it happened to be turned into flour. The advocates of the drawback assert that it will permit us to sell considerable quantities of soft American wheat which could not be exported unmixed.

## BOMBS FOR STANDARD OIL

**T**HE WAR of the State of Kansas upon the Standard Oil Company has passed from the humorous to the serious stage. The bill appropriating \$410,000 for the establishment of a State refinery has become a law, and has been accompanied by other bills fixing maximum freight rates and preventing discrimination in the transportation of oil. The State refinery idea has spread beyond the limits of Kansas, and similar propositions have been advanced in Colorado and Texas. The Standard, alarmed by the results of its threat to "teach the State of Kansas a lesson," has reconsidered its refusal to buy Kansas oil, and has reentered that field. Meanwhile, the National Government has been stirred to action. On February 15 the House unanimously passed a resolution calling upon the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to investigate the cause of the low price of crude oil, especially in the Kansas field, and "the unusually large margins between the price of crude oil or petroleum and the selling price of refined oil and its by-products." The Sec-

retary was asked to determine whether such conditions were caused in whole or in part by any combination in restraint of trade, and to make early report of his findings. "To the end that such information may be used by Congress as a basis for legislation, or by the Department of Justice as a basis of legal proceedings." The Administration promptly heeded this resolution, and steps were taken at once to carry out the proposed investigation. The conditions in the Kansas field, with hundreds of producers in open revolt against the Standard Oil monopoly, furnish an extraordinarily favorable opportunity to get evidence of illegal actions on the part of the trust, and the members of the Kansas delegation in Congress have assured the President that such evidence will be supplied to his investigators in ample abundance to satisfy any court.

#### A RESPIRE FOR BALFOUR

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT began its new session on February 14 with a colorless speech from the throne, and the Liberal hopes of an early accession to office were promptly disappointed. An amendment to the address, proposed by Mr. Asquith, and declaring that after two years of discussion the time had come to submit the fiscal question to the people without further delay, was beaten by a vote of 311 to 245—a Government majority of 63. Lord Hugh Cecil, the leader of the Conservative Free Traders, upon whom the Liberals had counted to help turn his cousin's Cabinet out of office, spoke and voted for the Government. While he criticised Mr. Balfour's ambiguous position, he said that he thought the cause of free trade would gain by keeping the present Government in office still longer. Mr. Chamberlain professed to welcome a dissolution, but advised the Ministry not to abandon its trust merely because the opposition wanted office. He asserted that Mr. Balfour and himself were agreed on matters of principle and differed only on one detail. He wanted a Colonial Conference and Mr. Balfour did not. The result of the division prolongs the Government's tenure of power for some time. The uniform current in the by-elections makes it plain that the Liberals will win a great victory if they have a chance to vote before the situation changes, but if he chooses Mr. Balfour can keep them out of that opportunity for about two years yet, unless continued local losses whittle away his majority in the meantime.

#### A MAIL ORDER PARLIAMENT

THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL or "typewritten university" idea has had a remarkable development in China, where it is proposed to hold a correspondence Parliament. The Emperor has approved a memorial advising the creation of a deliberative body, composed of the great officials of the empire, to consult upon important matters, foreign and domestic. The members of this Parliament are not to meet and wrangle face to face, but will exchange compliments neatly inscribed with stencil brushes on rice paper. This is the Chinese solution of the problem of "mutualization" that is disturbing the Czar, as well as some insurance potentates, and its infinite possibilities of delay commend it to the Oriental mind.

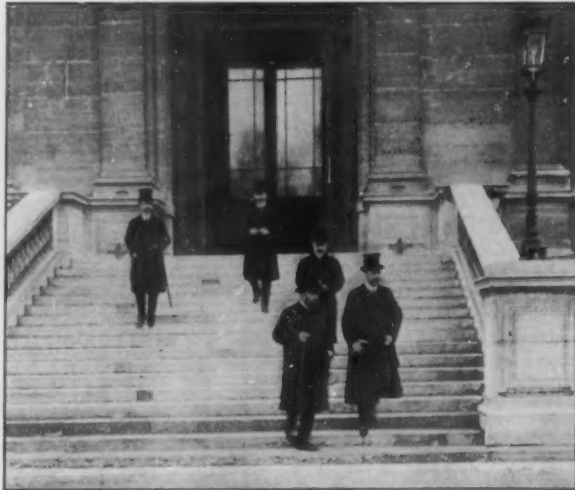
#### COMMERCIAL FORESTRY

ALTHOUGH A MATCH is such a little thing, all the matches used in a year make a serious hole in our forest resources. The Diamond Match Company has over 80,000 acres of timber land in Butte County, California, and it has decided to manage this under a system of timber culture that will keep up the supply indefinitely. This is an example of the new commercial tendencies that promise better results for American forestry than could ever be attained by official action against the opposition of business interests. Most of the great timber users are beginning to see that it would be to their advantage to keep up the supply instead of exhausting it and having nothing left. They are driven to this conclusion by the force of necessity. The railroads, which swallow up hundreds of thousands of acres of forests for ties, the makers of wood pulp and the dealers in building lumber are beginning to establish private forest reserves which will soon check the devastation of our woodlands more effectively than those of the Government. Hitherto the commercial users of timber have been like the pot-hunters who exterminate game. They are now approaching a

stage of progress that corresponds to that of the scientific stock-raiser who has more cattle on his ranch the more he kills.

#### THE WORLD'S FIVE GREAT CITIES

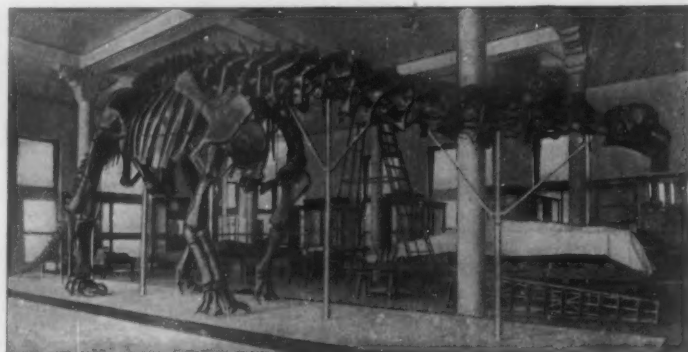
THE RETURNS of the census of December 1, 1904, show that Berlin is growing at a rate that the most progressive city of America would not despise. The city proper has advanced from 1,888,848 inhabitants to 1,996,708 in four years. But the city



ARBITERS OF PEACE AT PARIS

Members of the International Commission that investigated the Russian firing upon the British fishing fleet in the North Sea coming down the steps of the Foreign Office

proper corresponds merely to the Borough of Manhattan in New York. The bulk of the new population overflows into a ring of surrounding suburbs, from two to four miles from the centre of the capital, and not to be distinguished from it by any visible boundary. Greater Berlin, including these suburbs, had 2,572,026 inhabitants in 1900, and now has 2,863,088. Increasing at the rate of 80,264 annually, it may expect to have three million people next year. Chicago had 1,698,575 inhabitants in 1900, and its population on January 1, 1905, was estimated at 1,968,000—almost exactly that of Berlin proper. Paris had 2,714,068 people in 1901. The growth of Berlin is so much more rapid that, counting the whole metropolitan area in each case, the French capital must soon lose its place as the third city of the world. The race for that place will be between Berlin and Chicago. New York is safe for second place until



THE "THUNDER LIZARD" AT HOME

Skeleton of the great brontosaurus, sixty-seven feet long, the chief attraction of the new Dinosaur Hall of the American Museum of Natural History, New York. This is the largest skeleton ever mounted, and the only one of a brontosaurus on exhibition anywhere in the world

it takes first, ten or fifteen years hence, and London will not fall below second for a long time to come. Paris will be fifth, and will hold that position for the next half-century, at least.

#### TWO FRIGHTFUL LESSONS IN VAIN

THE FIRE in the Casino Theatre, New York, which would have duplicated the Iroquois disaster if it had happened two hours later, has revealed the fact that all the wrath and grief that swept over the country a year ago have been practically barren. The most stringent rules for the safety of life were adopted in New York, as in other cities, after the crime in Chicago, but hardly anything seems to have come of them.

Theatrical managers have become brazen in their defiance of public sentiment. The firm that owned the show that was on the Iroquois stage at the time of the fire, as well as part of the theatre itself, actually brought a libel suit against a paper that ventured to print a cartoon on the subject, and when that failed, it had the paper's critic excluded from most of the theatres of New York. Another manager wrote an impudent letter to District-Attorney Jerome when Mr. Jerome mentioned some of the deadly features of one of the manager's playhouses. The Casino was found, after the fire, to have been filled with flimsy wood and other combustible material. Although a stringent rule was adopted last year requiring all scenery to be fireproofed, Mr. Jerome asserts that there is "practically no fireproof scenery in any city theatre." His belief, too, is that "none of the so-called asbestos curtains in the theatres are fireproof."

While the Iroquois lesson has been thus disregarded on shore, the equally appalling *Slocum* lesson has been disregarded afloat. Not one step has been taken toward remedying the frightful conditions revealed by the destruction of the *General Slocum* and later by that of the *Glen Island*. The House passed five bills in one day to improve the inspection service and ensure the presence of superficial fittings of good quality on excursion boats, but not one of them touched the fundamental question of the safety of the boat itself. It remains, as it always has been, perfectly lawful to build and pack with human beings a boat that will flash into flame at the touch of a match.

#### DEMOCRACY IN INSURANCE

A MATTER of extraordinary interest to every person who has saved a dollar was temporarily settled on February 16, when the directors of the Equitable Life Assurance Society voted to extend voting privileges to policy-holders. The Equitable is one of the giants of the insurance world, its assets amounting to over \$400,000,000, and its insurance in force to a billion and a half. No State in the Union has anything like the amount of its available financial resources. Its budget is comparable to that of a Great Power. All this tremendous accumulation of wealth, representing the future livelihood of over half a million families, has been absolutely controlled by the ownership of \$51,000 of stock, practically in the hands of a single young man—Vice-President James H. Hyde. A clause in the charter of the company permitted the directors to give voting rights to the policy-holders. There was thus the curious situation that the stockholders created the directors, but the directors could take the control away from the stockholders. The case was further complicated by the fact that the incumbent directors had been elected, not by the actual owners of the stock, but by a trustee, President James W. Alexander, whose relations with the actual owners were now strained.

On February 2 Mr. Alexander and almost all the principal officers of the company filed a petition declaring that the existing situation could not continue with safety, and urging the transfer of power to the policy-holders. Five days later they issued a supplementary statement demanding the retirement of Mr. Hyde from the Vice-Presidency. A bitter struggle was precipitated, but at the meeting of the directors on the 16th, the Hyde forces were in complete control. A compromise was then agreed upon, by which all the old officers were re-elected and the enfranchisement of the policy-holders was to be accomplished, as it already had been in most other great insurance companies. Thus a long step was taken toward financial democracy. Its effects may not be noticeable at first, for the rule requiring policy-holders to vote in person will limit the number actually taking part in elections to a few hundred out of the hundreds of thousands entitled to vote. But the voting right having been established, an effective method of exercising it will follow in the course of time, and control by financial rings will disappear.

#### SMALL PROFITS IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE ANNUAL stock-taking of the commerce of the United States discloses the fact that from a commercial point of view the Philippines are the least profitable of all the possessions of this republic, although they have cost us more than any other, and have six times as many inhabitants as all the rest combined. Our trade with them is almost stationary, small



## GEN. KUROKI AT RIFLE PRACTICE ON THE HUN RIVER



In October last the Russians caused the publication of reports that General Kuroki, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese First Army, who almost cut them off from their retreat to Mukden after the battle of Liao-Yang, had been killed by a Russian shell. The Japanese did not concern themselves much about denying these rumors, and despatches kept coming from the "Headquarters of General Kuroki's Army." The present picture, which was taken by James H. Hare, Collier's war photog-

rapher with the Japanese Army, early in January, shows General Kuroki alive and well and actively interested in marksmanship. In order to enliven the monotony of the weary weeks of waiting on the Hun River, General Kuroki organized a rifle tournament at his headquarters, inviting all the foreign attaches, and the few correspondents who were present, to take part. Collier's photographer, James H. Hare, made the same score as General Kuroki. Neither succeeded in hitting the target

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN MANCHURIA. COPYRIGHT 1905 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

in volume, and much smaller than their trade with foreign countries, while all other outlying pieces of American territory are not only rapidly increasing their dealings with us, but have hardly any commerce anywhere else. We are exporting less to the Philippines now than we sent three years ago. In the calendar year 1904 we sold to Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico about \$11,000,000 worth of domestic merchandise apiece, and to the Philippines \$5,000,000 worth, or less than half the cost of maintaining our military garrison there, to say nothing of our warships. Alaska shipped us goods to the value of \$10,554,453. Hawaii \$25,339,305. Porto Rico \$12,837,701, and the Philippines \$10,225,338. Our total trade with the Philippines amounts to a little over two dollars per head for all the people of the islands. With Hawaii it amounts to about \$240 per head. Yet the acquisition of Hawaii did not cost us a life, and its retention does not demand a regiment. The figures show that the Senators who are afraid to do justice in the matter of the Philippine tariff, lest we should be overwhelmed by torrents of Filipino sugar and tobacco, are very easily frightened. More than nine-tenths of all our imports from the Philippines consist of hemp. We imported from the islands last year \$723,741 worth of sugar—about as much as would be raised on a good-sized plantation in Louisiana—and \$4,976 worth of tobacco. In each case our imports had declined—in that of tobacco by nearly nine-tenths.

### NEW AMERICANS OF 1904

THE RETURNS for the calendar year 1904 show that the volume of immigration for that year was greater than in any other in our history, with the single exception of 1903. The arrivals in 1904 numbered 808,999. There was a marked decline in the immigration from Austria-

Hungary and Italy, which fell off from 234,636 to 165,793, and from 233,417 to 156,764 respectively. The volume from Russia slightly increased, rising from 147,623 to 161,610—a growth easily explained by the superior attractions of America over those of Manchuria for men of military age. The most remarkable growth was

from the United Kingdom, especially from England. We received 57,310 English immigrants in 1904 against 37,908 in 1903, and 49,419 Irish ones against 38,423. The United Kingdom now ranks a good fourth among our sources of supply, sending us four-fifths as many people as Italy. Toward the end of the year the stream from central Europe suddenly rose, Austria-Hungary unloading 23,433 immigrants upon us in December against 10,794 for the same month in 1903, and the Russian influx growing from 10,463 to 15,992.

### A LULL IN HUNGARY

FOR THE MOMENT the apprehensions caused by the success of the Independence party in the Hungarian elections have been quieted. Francis Kossuth, the leader of the victorious faction, has had a friendly interview with the Emperor in the Hofburg at Vienna, in which he has expressed his loyalty to the throne. That does not mean, however, that the present relations between Austria and Hungary can continue unchanged. Although Kossuth and his associates are willing to have Franz-Josef for their King, they are not willing to have anything more than the most nominal connection with Austria. They want their own tariff. They want their own army, drilled in their own language. In short, they would have Franz-Josef rule, or rather preside, over Austria and Hungary, not over Austria-Hungary, just as Oscar II presides over Sweden and Norway, not over Sweden-Norway. Upon the question how far the King is willing to yield to these aspirations depends the question how long he will be able to maintain friendly relations with the present Hungarian Parliament. In any case, the *modus vivendi* is with him personally, not with his successor, and his death would throw the whole subject again into confusion.



PRINCE KUNI OF THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL FAMILY AND GEN. SIR IAN HAMILTON OF THE BRITISH ARMY AT GENERAL KUROKI'S HEADQUARTERS IN MANCHURIA

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN MANCHURIA. COPYRIGHT 1905 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

# GENERAL STOESSEL SURRENDERING



General Stoessel in front of the Plum Tree Cottage, in the village of Shuishi, displaying the fine points of the white Arabian charger which he offered to present to the magnanimous General Nogi as a testimonial of esteem



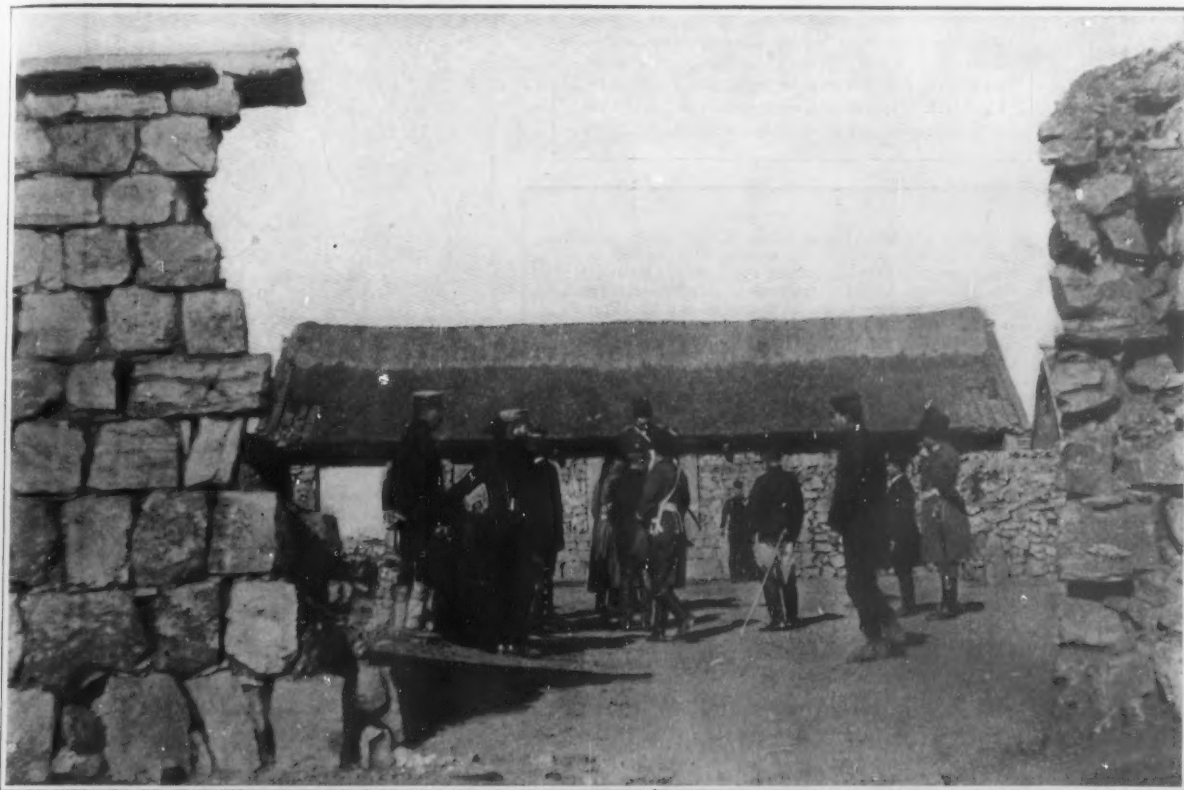
GEN. BARON NOGI REVIEWING THE VICTORIOUS JAPANESE THIRD ARMY AS IT ENTERED AND MARCHED THROUGH THE WHITE FACE. BACK OF HIM IS THE STAFF. THE PROCESSION TOOK THREE HOURS TO PASS. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN

On the afternoon of January 1 General Stoessel sent a flag of truce into the Japanese lines with a letter offering to treat for surrender. Commissioners were appointed and met the next day at Shuishi, where they drew up articles of capitulation which were confirmed by both commanders. By the terms of this agreement all the forts, ships, arms, ammunition, and military property of all sorts were to be transferred to the Japanese in their existing condition. The Russian officers were to be permitted to carry swords and take away necessary private

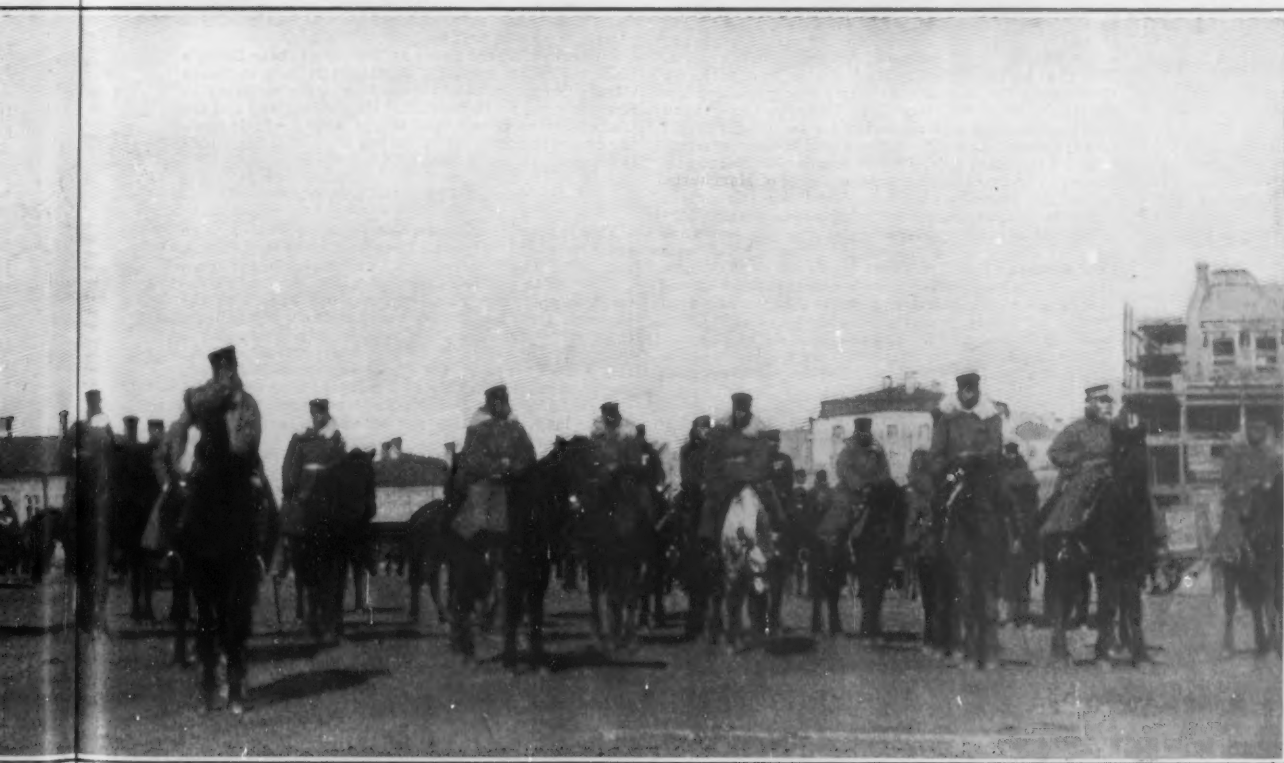
PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHTED BY COL



## NG PORT ARTHUR TO GENERAL NOGI



General Nogi (standing in the centre, white trousers and high boots) accepting General Stoessel's horse, not as a personal gift to himself, but in the name of the Japanese army, as a cherished memento of a brave enemy



UGH THE STREETS OF PORT ARTHUR. GEN. NOGI IS THE OFFICER IN THE FOREGROUND, SEATED ON THE BLACK HORSE WITH A  
GRAPH WAS TAKEN JANUARY 13, ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT PORT ARTHUR, AT THE EASTERN ENTRANCE OF THE NEW TOWN

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MS COPY-RIGHT 1905 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

property. The officers were to be allowed to return to Russia on parole not to take further part in the war; the soldiers were to be taken to Japan as prisoners. The transfer of the forts and batteries was completed on the 4th and on the 5th Generals Stoessel and Nogi met at the Plum Tree Cottage and exchanged compliments. On Friday, January 13, detachments of all branches of the victorious Japanese army made a triumphal entry into Port Arthur, and on Sunday they paraded in a spectacular review before General Nogi and the officers of his staff

PRINT IN BINDING

# THE SECOND YEAR'S CAMPAIGN

By FREDERICK PALMER

Mr. Palmer is now on his way to rejoin the First Japanese Army, which has been in winter quarters on the Hun River since the great battles of Liao-Yang and the Sha River. He will send weekly letters to Collier's descriptive of the coming campaign, which he will follow



THE RAILROAD STRATEGY OF THE WAR

The parallel lines show the railroad through Korea which the Japanese have built. This is of military importance and of future commercial value. The dotted lines show the tram line completed from Wiju to Liao-Yang, connecting with the Korean railroad. The heavy black lines show the Russian railroads. The squares under "Mukden" indicate the present positions of the opposing armies.



POSSIBILITIES OF THE COMING CAMPAIGN

The white arrows indicate how a successful aggressive movement by the Japanese might end the war with the capture of Harbin and Vladivostok. The black arrows show the direction of a Russian aggressive movement by which the war might also be ended if it were successful. The present positions of the armies of Oyama and Kuropatkin are indicated by the squares under "Mukden."

WE come to the crux of the war. When spring releases the frost-bound armies we shall have battles of a magnitude without parallel. Last year's work was in comparison what State elections are to a national one; what Shiloh and Donelson and Vicksburg were to the Civil War. The Gettysburg is not yet fought. Facing Kuropatkin's legions on that railroad which feeds and supplies him, his veritable lifeline, are the four Japanese armies, Kuroki's, Nodzu's, Oku's, which fought as separate units until Liao-Yang, and now Nogi's, released from Port Arthur. Oyama's numbers are three times Grant's at Appomattox; Kuropatkin's four times the largest integral force that Lee ever mustered.

All is on the credit side of the Japanese ledger thus far. They have occupied the entire coastline of Southern Manchuria, destroyed six Russian battleships and crippled the seventh, taken about forty thousand prisoners, and caused the Russians nearly a hundred thousand casualties. They have either taken or destroyed in railroads, buildings, and fleet approximately \$400,000,000 worth of Russian property. In Korea they have established their authority peacefully over 8,000,000 people.

## The Trial Balance of War

To their debit are one important battleship and two important cruisers and a few torpedo boats. In property destroyed their total loss is less than fifteen millions. Against three hundred guns taken they have lost one field battery. Though always on the offensive, though they have captured a fortress supposed to be impregnable, their sacrifice of life is no more than that of their enemy. Russia has not won a single engagement; excepting Putiloff Hill she has not yet recovered a single square mile of ground whose possession the Japanese have contested in other than in a reconnaissance or an outpost skirmish. There is no record in the history of war on a grand scale equal to this.

Sea-begirt, hungering for the land and the ozone of the temperate zone for her increasing population, Japan moves northward by instinct; and by instinct Russia, land-poor and hungering for harbors, moves southward. Japan is ready for peace now; for Korea is clear of the enemy and she holds Port Arthur, which, if it does not mean the neutrality of China, is the front door of Manchuria. But Russia has lost the harbor that she had. The wedge-point of her ambition, moving steadily eastward from the Urals, is still denied the sea—the ownership of which, she is learning, belongs to those who are born by its shores.

Yet with one blow Russia can recover all that she has lost. Rojstvensky has a fighting chance. Nelson never had such a dazzling opportunity as his. The situation is the same as if Napoleon had had a fleet on the sea equal to the English a month before Waterloo. Defeat on the sea for Japan means that all her armies are cut off from home; that all that she has won is lost; that all her expense and bloodshed are wasted; that she is a ruined nation—unless her ally, England, or her friend, the United States, loan her their unassailable sea-power.

Once Port Arthur had fallen, Rojstvensky would have been a fool not to have waited till he was fully ready for his advance across the Indian Ocean. He can afford to hug the harbors of Madagascar for a year, or even two years, if thereby—and the French are dishonest enough to allow it—he can secure sufficient reinforcements from home to give him real hope of victory. When Togo returned to his flagship the other day it was to the greatest hazard yet. Well might this wizard of the sea object to jubilation in Tokio on the ground that his work was not finished. He has worn out one Russian fleet as large as his own; now he has to fight another. And a pitched naval battle there will be if all Russian sailors are not mad and their crews filled with cotton.

Mastery of the roadstead over which her troop-laden and supply-laden transports travel is Japan's first premise. The war is for the possession of the land, and on the land the issue must be settled. How may Russia win? If it took Japan eight months to advance her armies to the Sha, how long will her enemy require to recover the lost ground? Russia can not retake Nanshan, that narrow neck of the Liaotung Peninsula, as the Japanese won it—in a day.

Though she took Nanshan, she would find Port Arthur itself impregnable. A garrison of 50,000, continually reinforced with men and supplies from the sea, could hold the fortress forever. Before the Russians could advance an army toward the Yalu they would have to force the Japanese back down the railroad and leave a containing force at Nanshan. A third army would have to strike the east coast of Korea from the direction of Vladivostok. Driven to this extremity, Japan could still maintain 300,000 men in the field. Then Russia, to regain Manchuria itself, would need at least double the numbers of the Japanese, or 600,000. But expert information which I have received lately from Mukden indicates that the capacity of the single track railroad has been reached. It can supply and repair the wastages of flesh and materials of not more than 300,000 men—a force little if any larger than Oyama's. That makes complete Russian success out of the question. The second possibility is a stalemate. Will the two vast forces hold each other in deadly grip throughout the summer, neither gaining decided advantage? This would confirm Japan in the ground that she has taken. Exhaustion for both sides might come; and still Russia's prestige would not be recovered.

There is a third possibility of peculiar interest to ourselves. The two armies rest on the edge of Manchuria. Across the Liao River is China. By diplomatic consent China is neutral ground. In the end, however, China is neutral only as long as she has the force—or some one will supply it—to protect her neutrality. A hundred thousand Russians could brush aside the Chinese regulars and take Pekin. Anglo-Saxon battleships and cruisers could not interfere any more than the whale can fight the elephant. The signal for the break up of China would have been made. Russia might say to Japan: "We are the two preponderant powers—the only military powers—in the Far East. Let us not devour each

other! Keep what you have taken and we will reimburse ourselves elsewhere for what we have lost. All we ask is an attitude of passiveness on your part."

Japan might say to the world:

"We have taken Korea, which is justly ours. We shall retain Port Arthur, which was formerly ours by conquest from China. The Russian railroads and buildings which have fallen into our hands we will keep as the spoils of war. We have shed blood and accumulated a great national debt. We can do no more. It is the turn of other powers and of China herself to protect her integrity."

Russia would have a port at Tien-tsin to take Dalny's place. France, the ally, wanting territory in South China; Germany, the "broker," wanting territory in Shantung, would be content. Unless England and the United States should land troops, they could do nothing except to exert their naval power upon Japan, which is dependent upon the sea.

## Japan's Probable Conquests

This is not an outcome which Japan desires. It is an outcome which her exhaustion may compel. Rather, should she seek to force peace by the power of her arms.

The fourth possible outcome of the summer's campaign is that which any one who has been with the Japanese army and knows the Russian army believes to be most probable. You need be no military strategist; you have only to look at the map to see that the second stage of the Japanese campaign would mean the taking of Vladivostok and Harbin.

As against a single-track railway 7,000 miles long, Japan has the whole sea for her roadstead. From Liao-Yang by rail to Dalny is 150 miles; from Liao-Yang to Newchwang is 75 miles. Her railroad through the heart of Korea, from land's end to the Korean border, is complete. From Wiju to Liao-Yang a tram line carries the freight of the transports which is landed at Fusan. At Oyama's principal base, then, the rice bags are now piled mountain high. The Japanese never move until they are ready, and when they do move in the spring it will be with full stomachs and with plenty of dinners in sight.

If Japan can equip, arm, and organize an army of 500,000 men, there is every reason to believe that she can feed them. With great numbers of reserves yet to call on, with 200,000 youths coming to maturity every year, she need not want for what Napoleon was pleased to call "cannon food." If they can pit 500,000 against the Slav's 300,000 the result is clear. They will drive him northward.

Once Harbin is taken the Russians are without any base east of Lake Baikal. On the one side China and on the other an impassable country prevents them from striking the Japanese in flank. Both branches of the Manchurian railroad will be in Japanese hands. Russia's last harbor on the Pacific, cut off by land and sea, must fall from want of supplies. The integrity of China does not count so far as Vladivostok is concerned. This is Russian territory. The value of the port, of the buildings, and the railroad and railroad property amounts to more than the sum of Japan's



MAP SHOWING THE RESULTS OF THE FIRST YEAR'S CAMPAIGN



national debt. Their return by Japan would be made only on the payment of a huge indemnity. For, beaten out of Harbin, the Czar would either have to make peace or devote a term of years to doubling the track of the Siberian road and then begin the struggle again. Can Russia afford that expense simply in the name of prestige and glory?

Always this war is good "business" for Japan and bad "business" for Russia. Japan is fighting for room;

for industrial expansion. Her weakness is poverty. The country which Nippon Denji is watering with his blood is an economic supplement of his own.

Even with equal numbers the advantage is still with Oyama. With him is not only all responsibility, but all power. The staff which organized the first year's campaign organizes the second. Oyama is more than a masterful head; he is the masterful head of a masterful human machine. This human machine is possessed

of the confidence of unbroken success. Confidence is of the same value as a military asset as a good head of water in fighting a fire. The fears that the Japanese could not stand the cold of Manchuria were groundless. On this score as on every other Oyama seems to have known his own mind precisely. There has been as yet no falling between two stools in Japanese strategy. Military history told the master the fate of most winter campaigns. (Continued on page 25.)

# Washington's Inaugural, and Mr. Roosevelt's

A GLANCE FROM 1789 TO 1905—OUR COUNTRY THEN AND NOW

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

WHEN Washington left Mount Vernon, to take up the burdens of Chief Executive, the path of his little nation seemed filled with peril, and the heart of its leading citizen was heavy. It was with a mind oppressed, as he wrote in his diary, with more anxious and painful sensations than he was able to express, that he "quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities, and inclination which are necessary to manage the helm."

He was in what he was accustomed to call the evening of his life, and his solemn nature constantly foresaw the Angel of the Darker Drink. Riding from Mount Vernon to New York, with two friends, he was everywhere received with grief and joy. At Trenton he passed beneath an arch which bore the device, "The Defender of the Mothers will also defend the daughters." A sunflower, at the summit of the arch, stood as a symbol of the man toward whom all hearts were turned. Spectators wept at every station. At Elizabethtown he entered a barge, propelled by thirteen oarsmen, which carried him to the little city at the bottom of Manhattan Island.

There he remained a week before the inaugural, a week filled with the pomp and ceremony of that day—ceremonies which he regretted, oppressed as he was by the heaviest burdens that life could offer. His address to Congress was delivered in military uniform, his sword resting in its sheath. His voice was trembling, low, and deep. His face showed lines of care and time. Those who listened were moved as by some tragedy. They were facing the unknown; they were listening to the hero of a thousand trials. The new President walked from the Federal Hall to St. Paul's Church. He walked to his home in the evening from the fireworks at the Battery. It was only a step, for the metropolis was a tiny settlement, a few scattered and rambling wooden buildings, in which, nevertheless, great things were done.

THE inaugural this week unfolds far other sights and a far different leader. When the first President was inaugurated, the city which was to bear his name was in the womb of time. When John Adams entered it, it consisted of half-finished edifices lying in a wilderness. Firewood was scarce, because none could be found to cut the trees. The spot was beautiful, but wild. Savages and beasts still lurked among the thickets, and from the adjoining hill the wide view swept over distances unknown to civilized man. To-day this capital of an immense and powerful race, this fairest city swarms with Americans from vast western regions, which then no white man's eye had seen. It is dotted, also, here and there, on the occasion of the twenty-sixth President's inaugural, with people of dusky hue and varied garb, tokens of an empire undreamed of when Washington was alive. Conditions changing have altered profoundly the premises on which the philosophy of that day was based. It assumed remoteness from the other world as the essential of our position. Now we reach that world as easily as Washington came from Boston to New York. We speak to Europe more quickly than Washington could get a message from one wing of his army to another. Changing facts have meant changing policies, and yet in spirit the philosophy of 1789 guides our steps to-day. Could Washington be deposited in the city of his name, he would draw no quick conclusions. Haste was no ingredient of his nature. He would learn whether the eighty million people who had spread across his continent were happy, as this world goes. He would decide whether they were virtuous, in man's small way, and I think he would conclude that the country had done well with the inheritance which he left.

MUCH that frightened Washington has been solved. He was not convinced that a republic could endure. It has weathered every gale. Our modern Presidents, speaking in the open air at Washington, face a sweeping human sea that stretches from a simple rough-and-ready stand. They address a populace of dictators. They bow before a sway as absolute as when Washington feared democracy might not last. Our populace remains as sovereign as when Jefferson argued against Federal authority and stretched it as far as any man. He stood for one principle, Hamilton for the other, in the great inevitable compromise of efficiency and freedom. Jefferson saw in Hamilton a threat of monarchy. Hamilton believed his rival the advance agent of disunion. Many believed that only Washington could

keep conflicting forces from wrenching the land asunder. To-day a President with none of Washington's austerity and care holds office. Instead of self-searching modesty, solemn wisdom of a man alone with God, a spirit prone rather to avoid than to grasp at power, we have hurried energy, bustle, and self-confidence. Where the earlier leader thought long before he spoke, the new Executive is talking always, sometimes with useful and again with ill-digested thought.

Yet he is an admirable President—one of the best—and in his own way helps on. If he did not, the country would suffer less than some imagine. Good men and bad have been in office, cautious men and rash, and the nation moves along its destined way. It is a government of laws and of the people, not of rulers. It is strong and central, and yet responsive to the public will. The sovereign people are not less sound than when Washington, weary from a lifetime spent in anxiety and thought, and longing for a few last years of quiet country life, laid down the reins of power and retired to his estate to die.



GENERAL LEW WALLACE

FEBRUARY 15, 1905

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

NAY, Death, thou mightiest of all  
Dread conquerors—thou dreadest chief,  
Thy heavy hand can here but fall  
Light as the Autumn leaf:  
As vainly, too, its weight is laid  
Upon the warrior's knightly sword;—  
Still through the charge and cannonade  
It flashes for the Lord.

In forum—as in battlefield—  
His voice rang for the truth—the right—  
Keyed with the shibboleth that pealed  
His Soul forth to the fight:  
The inspiration of his pen  
Glowed as a star, and lit anew  
The faces and the hearts of men  
Watching, the long night through.

A destiny ordained—divine  
It seemed to host: of those who saw  
His rise since youth and marked the line  
Of his ascent with awe—  
From the now-storied little town  
That gave him birth and worth, behold,  
Unto this day of his renown,  
His sword and word of gold.

Serving the Land he loved so well—  
Hailed midsea or in foreign port,  
Or in strange-bannered citadel  
Or Oriental Court,—  
He—honored for his Nation's sake,  
And loved and honored for his own—  
Hath seen his Flag in glory shake  
Above the Pagan Throne.

CERTAIN evils are eternal. Reading Washington's complaints about the politics of his time one might almost think he wrote to-day. He raged at party spirit in the people, at self-seeking, triviality, and corruption in officials. "The devil is more laborious now than ever," said Sir Walter Raleigh three centuries ago. When we feel discouragement in our contest with corruption, we may remember that Washington described almost every order of men in his day as given up to speculation, peculation, idleness, dissipation, extravagance, and an insatiable thirst for wealth. He wished that speculators who raised the price of necessities of life might be "hung on gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared for Haman." He saw the beginning of land frauds. He charged business men with wishing to continue the Revolution for their pecuniary advantage. He spoke of Congress with as much contempt as Mr. Cleveland. He had office-seekers too, but he treated them without mercy and spurned the claims of party. Good government could no more be run without ceaseless effort in the day of Washington than it can in the day of Roosevelt. The evils mainly have not changed, and happily we have not ceased to produce men worthy to carry on the everlasting war. The most salient single difference in Washington's view of government and ours regards the office of Chief Executive. "I differ widely from Mr. Jefferson and you," he wrote to Lafayette, "as to the necessity or expediency of rotation in that appointment. . . . There can not in my judgment be the least danger, that the President will by any practicable intrigue ever be able to continue himself one moment in office, much less perpetuate himself in it, but in the last stage of corrupted morals and political depravity, and even then there is as much danger that any other species of domination would prevail. Though, when a people shall have become incapable of governing themselves, and fit for a master, it is of little consequence from what quarter he comes." The point was argued fully in the Constitutional Convention, and the opinion shared by Washington prevailed. His belief has been grossly misreported, and it is at least open to question whether our unwillingness to retain a useful President in office is wiser than the conviction held so firmly by our greatest statesman.

DANIEL WEBSTER once said America had proved the competence of the masses to act their part in the great right and the great duty of self-government, the competence being given by education and the diffusion of knowledge. "She holds out an example a thousand times more encouraging than ever was presented before, to those nine-tenths of the human race who are born without hereditary fortune or hereditary rank." That she has been able successfully to do this is due partly to the wisest body of laws ever penned by statesmen. More than forty governments, after one fierce clash, are able to live as one nationality. The good and evil which we take every year from every land has become part of us. We have remained an asylum and have not become sick ourselves. Our task has been to receive the oppressed and the restless of other countries, and to give them a home where material welfare and moral freedom are more widely shared than at any previous time in the world. Some wrongs flourish. We are an easy-tempered people, but we feel strong enough to uproot abuses as they grow intolerable. Mr. Roosevelt sums up in himself, to an unusual degree, the America of to-day, its industry and zeal, its cheerfulness, its trust and benevolence. He begins his second lease of the highest office with many problems, but with a hundred times less cause for anxiety than the country had a century ago. The more familiar an American is with the history of his nation, the more will he be likely to feel that no inauguration since our beginning has been held under conditions which give less to fear and more to hope.



# A MONEY MAKER

*A Little Drama of Stage Life*

By  
**Virginia Tracy**

*In Two Parts—Part I*



**B**ELINDA, the white cat, was having the time of her life with the cod-liver oil. She sang to herself, barbarously, mystically, as she drank; her half-shut eyes, glazed heavy with ecstasy, drowsed over the pool of liquid as into some remote Egyptian past. Her satisfaction with the beverage was augmented by the fact that her own talents had procured it for her; she had simply stepped on to the washstand and knocked off a bottle to see it break, and out had flowed the nectar! In the old days people used to suggest to Belinda's mistress that she ought to smack Belinda for that habit of breaking bottles. But she had always simply laughed, and so these critics had generally ended in bringing tribute of whatever bottles they themselves could spare. Belinda's mistress was very pretty! Even the grouchy and penurious Kester, walking up and down his room, or sitting in the window, staring out at nothing in that restrained restlessness which always discomforted Belinda's nerves—even he was aware of that.

This Mr. Kester, Mr. Matthew Kester, the gentleman with whom Belinda condescended to reside while her mistress was away, had procured himself only the day before the cod-liver oil upon which Belinda was now battenning. He was a member of the popular-priced stock company which rehearsed every morning and played every afternoon and evening except Sunday, and he lived in a third-rate theatrical boarding-house. The combination of these circumstances had naturally resulted in Mr. Kester's needing a tonic. Also the listlessness which had grown upon him with the advance of spring had weakened his power to withstand advice, and he had made the immense concession of buying something which he did not need for the stage. As he never stinted himself in the tools of his trade, and as he never allowed his entire expenses, ordinary or exceptional, to run over ten dollars a week, it will be seen that there were probably several things in which he did stint himself. Also as his expenditure left forty dollars of his salary quite untouched, his comrades in the boarding-house found a ceaselessly fascinating topic in the wonder of whatever he could be doing with his money. It was all he seemed to care for. They wondered if perhaps Leslie Raymon hadn't known he was going to turn out mean when she had been so easily persuaded to give him up. At that time when the zealous Mrs. Raymon had at last landed for her daughter a manager and backer, the Westerner, McGaw, and when McGaw had packed both the women off to California, there to make Leslie, like her famous grandmother, "the greatest Juliet in the world, and the biggest money-maker on the Pacific Coast," the observant boarders had felt very gently toward the two young people. They were glad, they said, that the girl was going to have her chance in life, but they were sorry for poor Kester. Now, however, they began to wonder if Kester's desire to marry the girl had not been based upon her possibilities as a money-maker.

It was Sunday evening, so there was no performance at the theatre, and the weak odor of beans and thin tea which hung anemically about the halls suggested that, for loiterers, supper was still in progress. A clatter of cheerful voices, cheerful even in complaint, almost overpowered the light sound of dripping rain which came in through open windows. The people in the big back room upstairs were going to give a party, and were already beginning to drag the furniture about in futile rearrangement. One of them sat down at the piano and banged out the chorus of a convulsive ditty which he was going to reproduce later for the gratification of his guests. He sang:

"This spot accursed! why to this spot?  
Oh leeeeeeave me not! oh leeeeeeave me not!"

Belinda wished that Mr. Kester would come upstairs. The old gentleman who came and read aloud every Sunday evening had already knocked. Belinda wished that he had come in. He was better than nobody. He was a wavering, dim-eyed gentleman, but he stroked fur very well indeed—almost as well as Leslie—and he read from little rustling slips of paper arranged in piles which Belinda liked to leap upon and scatter. As a general

thing nowadays, Belinda did not get her due in recreation. Mr. Kester was an excellent attendant, but a poor companion. He could almost never be persuaded to drag a spool round the floor by a string; he put no real zest into the making of tissue-paper balls; he would not kneel down and shake his hair about so that Belinda could pretend he was a rat. All these things, and more, she and Leslie had played at together, by the hour, by the afternoon, sitting on the floor, in the sunlight, in immeasurable idleness. Leslie's little cat had found it very tedious since she went, since Leslie went away. That made a common ground between Belinda and Mr. Kester; it was an open secret that he found it very tedious, too. It was time he came upstairs, however. Belinda turned her head. There was—or was there?—a rustle at the door. Belinda had a kind of thrill; she ran to the door and sat down by it, smelling and listening along the threshold; she put up a strong, little, fluffy paw and scratched at the wood; the rickety old door, shabby like all the rest of the small, meagre room, rattled, but did not open. In the room upstairs, the gentleman and the piano came together even more violently than before, a perfect fight of "Not's" rising at first on a dry, bursting breath, and then, with a long swoop, descending through caverns measureless to man to their sepulchral destination. If there had been a rustle, there was none now. Belinda cried a little, very softly, to herself, and then came back to the cod-liver oil.

A few minutes later a young man opened the door and came a little wearily and absentmindedly into the room. He was not much of a young man to look at. He was rather thin and black, and of a scanty middle height; his eyes were too small and were set too deep; they had an antagonizing quality of bright and cold and tired attentiveness. He had a straggling, humorous mouth, with a crook in one corner; he was very neat and very shabby; he was probably six-and-twenty years of age. As he advanced he became aware of a particular odor, he perceived the spot on the carpet and

the shattered bottle. Belinda sat indolently regarding him, occasionally putting out her tongue and running it across her lips, and as he observed the yellow drops upon her whiskers, he said to her with the reproach of the betrayed, "Oh, Belinda!"

When he had cleaned up the mess he sat down on the sill of the open window and besought her to repent. "Belinda," he said, "when she left you with me, she meant you to behave like an honored guest, not like a 'ampire. She never meant you to lick up my heart's blood. You have wasted a brand-new bottle of tonic, a dollar's worth—of my heart's blood, that is to say, one hundred drops exactly. Haven't you milk enough in that blue bowl of yours which was presented to you by the intelligent gentleman upstairs because it bears the legend, 'Love me, love my dog'? Doesn't there always hang about this spacious apartment a rich aroma of liver and boiled fish? Why do you begrudge me a cheering delicacy like cod-liver oil? So fat and slimy and fishy and odorous! Listen, Belinda. The old lady who recommended it says that I must not be facetiously discouraged, for her brother took ninety-seven bottles of it—and even then he died! Ninety-seven bottles, think of it! Fancy fattening for one's funeral! Why, you know, for ninety-seven dollars one could buy a ring for a lady—a modest, unpretentious bargain sort of a ring—and maybe live, besides!" He leaned forward and whispered to the cat. "Belinda," he said, "has she forgotten us?" Belinda blinked and curled her tail round her feet. She was insufferably bored.

Matt glanced out of the window into the deep blackness of the little back yard, and then looked at his watch. "Mr. Mayfair's late, Blinx," said he. "I hope nothing has happened to the anthology. He has such fun with himself reading it; it's really as an elocutionist that he gets the taste out of poetry. But the anthology, old lady, is like our fortunes—it doesn't get much forrader. Ah, money. Cat! money, money, money! we don't make much of it, Belinda."

He continued lounging in the window, whistling to himself. The population of the boarding-house was beginning to get ready for the upstairs party. Doors banged, girls fled in and out of each other's rooms with curling-irons in their hands, a very young gentleman who had the room under Matt's ran up to borrow a clean collar, people leaned over the banisters and shrieked directions down the stairs, and other people with piles of plates and cutlery came rattling up. "Candidly," said Mr. Kester to the cat, "Leslie seems to me a slightish person to be making her fortune. It would seem even deplorable if she should have to make mine. I wonder if that has as yet occurred to her, Belinda? Where on earth's Mayfair? He's late."

At this moment there was a loud rap, not from the knuckles of Mr. Mayfair, but of Mrs. Gootch, the landlady. Mrs. Gootch had been a Miss Selby, and a very long while ago she had been, in a small way, a popular, pleasing, incapable actress. She was now wearing a new black satin dress, the skirt of which was too tight in the band, and she had come to Matt to have it hooked. She promised to hold her breath during this operation, but the promise never went into effect; instead, she began to pour forth a stream of invective against Annie, the chambermaid, who had promised to come downstairs five minutes ago to do the hooking, and who had failed to appear. As she talked, Mrs. Gootch's quick glances scurried furtively about, and some unacknowledged interest glittered near the surface of her speech. It was impossible not to suspect that she had something to say which had but little to do with hooks, and as she at length flounced out of Matt's hands, she broke forth with, "Well, I suppose you know, Mr. Matt Kester, you're just wearing yourself to death, shut up here!" He looked at her with a startled grin, and she demanded, "Why, aren't you going up to the Dufferins' this evening?"

"I'm too popular. I've another engagement."

"With that old fool of a Mayfair! Hadn't you rather go upstairs?"

"No; I don't think so. If I had, I'd go."

"I don't believe you. You used to like your fun as well as anybody. What's come over



"Have it your own way, then!"



you that you don't care for anything like you used to? Don't you know, then, you ought to pretend to care?—you ought to try to act like other people. Don't you want to get to be somebody, so you can?"—she caught the prying sharpness of her own eye in the mirror, and endeavored to soften it—"so you can hold your own with Leslie Raymon?" He stared at her with an impassive blankness and she hurried on. "You don't suppose just playing your parts well round the corner at the Orpheum's going to get you ahead any, do you?"

"About the Dufferins," Mrs. Gootch, said Matt, "it isn't after all just a question of choice. If I can't afford to give suppers, I can't afford to go to them."

Mrs. Gootch slapped her hand on the footboard of the bed. "You can't afford not to," she exclaimed. "I suppose you think you're economical and ambitious, and all that. Well, let me tell you, my dear young friend, economy's just the death-blow to ambition. I don't mean, of course, if your economy can bring you in a fortune, but when it's only a little bit, you take my word for it that, in this business, a little bit saved is nothing at all, and every little bit that's spent pushes you just so much further into the swim. You want to get around to the clubs, and hear what's going on, you've got to stand for drinks and all that sort of thing, and be a good fellow with the boys, or people won't even know that you're alive. Whatever being the real thing in this profession depends on, it don't depend on whether you can act or not. Look at me! Do you suppose if I'd gone along and tended to my business and played my little parts and gone home and stayed there—do you suppose I'd have had a benefit to set me up in a boarding-house, now I'm getting old? Do you suppose even, that anybody'd come and stop at my house, now I've got it, and put up with the servants' rows, and the meals being always late? No, sir! What do they say when they come back to town? Well, they say, 'So-and-So's is clean and quiet and reasonable, and she sets a good table, but—Kate's a good old girl, let's go to Kate's!' If I was back on the stage tomorrow the newspapers would say, 'Dear old Kate Selby, the same as ever, went straight to our hearts with her delightful acting,' and I never could act for sour beans. But what I did do was to spend every cent I could lay my hands on, and mix myself up with every fad that came along, and make myself solid with every human soul in the profession. Oh, you hear a lot of rot about grasshoppers and ants, and the desertion by your friends and the starvation of the giddy, but it's my experience that it's the giddy that gets there, every time, and I guess this business has been kind of fixed over for the grasshopper. My dear child, it's all very heroic, this way you're living, but as far as your career is concerned, you're slamming the door in your own face. You can't have popularity without jollying people, and you can't have success without popularity."

"Bully of you to care!" said Matt. "But I guess I'm not much on success, at any rate."

Mrs. Gootch spread her ten fat fingers, and despairingly fanned the air with them. "Have it your own way, then!" said she. "You'll miss an awful good supper to-night; Connie Kennedy and her husband's coming, and they're even going to have her supper sent in separate from Hovers', on the corner—solid stuff, chicken and so on—because she's done a season of one-night stands, and her digestion's gone back on her." A certain unwillingness to go was still visible in Mrs. Gootch, and suddenly, with a quick, sly glance at Matt, she shot out, "What do you hear from little Les?"

"I don't hear from her," said Matt.

"Well, she's a nice one, she is, after all you've done for them, year in and year out. She could easily manage to drop you a line now and then, without the old girl's getting on to it. Look here, you know I've often wondered exactly how things stood between you two? I've often wondered if, after all, you didn't have some kind of an understanding. Seems you ought to have too much spirit to sit back and let her get away from you like this."

Mrs. Gootch's expression of inquisitive sympathy suffered rather a shock as Matt turned his back on her and went over to the window. "Oh, come now!" said she. "Aren't you fond of her any more? You ought to try to keep track of her in the newspapers. You never can tell what might turn up."

"If you want news of Miss Raymon, Mrs. Gootch," said Matt, "you would better, as you say, look in the newspapers."

Mrs. Gootch turned on him in a fury. "Don't you try to put on any of your airs with me!" she cried. "Everybody's told me you were that way, and I saw you myself the way you shut your eyes at the beans to-night in that kind of a Lord Byron way you've got, and your own room smelling this minute as if you kept dead fishes in it. If all you care about in life is to scrape a few dollars together, and sit on 'em, I should think that poor, pretty creature well rid of you. The folks are about right when they say you tried to hang on to the girl because you guessed there was a fortune in her." She paused with her hand on the door. "So you've lost track of her, have you? And I came in here to help you out. 'Miss Raymon,' indeed! I guess I could give you a few points about your Leslie! I guess I could let something out if I had a mind to! And as for your not wanting popularity, and all that stuff! The creature was never born that didn't want it!" She slammed herself out.

Belinda started from the banging door, and, coming to her host, jumped into his lap. "Oh, Blinx!" he said, "all the world seems to jabber about Leslie to-night. Say, Blinx, would you like to see her, Blinx? You know there are people in this world who really are seeing her to-night. There is a happy land, far, far away, where she is just—let me see, 'Frisco time?—where she is just getting hungry for her dinner, and where she is going to have a dinner worth getting hungry for. Wherever she goes she stops at the best hotels. She wears long, rustly dresses, with little lace places at the top that her throat gleams through. The

shops are full of her pictures, and all the biggest fences are covered with her name. She has lots of money, she has lots of fun, and praise and flowers and every kind of fixings. Damnable brutes of millionaires are making love to her. Little nasty beasts of schoolgirls are sending her candy. At about the time when you have your milk, and I begin to wish I could have some beer, she will be driving to the theatre with her mother and her maid. They've togged her all out in—in silk petticoats flounced to the gown', an' jewels, an' laces, an' fair satin gowns, an' they've given her—so that there'll be no danger of her falling in love with him—a kind of an elderly cushion of a leading man; what's the sort of thing she has to say to him?—And all my fortunes at thy feet I lay, and follow thee, my lord." He had begun to pace up and down, and now he turned with a laugh and said to Belinda, "She may have forgotten you, you cat, but she has never, never, never forgotten me!" Belinda yawned, and began to wash over her ear for company.

Suddenly she ceased, the curved paw arrested in mid-air. She listened, trotted to the door, and, turning her head, lifted the appeal of liquid but impatient eyes to her guardian's face. "You can't go out to-night," he said. "It's raining." A rush of young voices, of quick feet, swept up the stairs, greetings sounded in the



"You knew, of course, about my playing Ibsen!"

room overhead. Belinda came slowly back and resumed her toilet. The boy himself kept on walking restlessly about; two or three times he paused before the bureau, at length he yielded, opened a drawer, and took out a photograph. It was, of course, the likeness of a girl. He held the photograph very jealously in the close frame of his hands. She had given it to him, under her mother's very eyes, that last evening after they had finished packing. He remembered her turning from the locked trunk to get the picture, and then coming back to him in her white drifting wrapper, with the weight of her black hair shining and shifting about her shoulders. They had had to say good-by that evening, and he remembered her mother's saying, "You can see how tired she is—she can hardly stand."

After ten months he put up a hand to his shoulder as if to touch again the grasp of her little fingers. For some weeks before that good-by, they had known the ultimatum of Mr. McGaw. That gentleman had strongly objected to any love affair of Leslie's. He could not manage a woman, he said, who was privately managed by another man. Besides, everybody knew it killed a girl as a star if she was known to be a wife. If just as he had built her up, and was beginning to get some return out of her, she was going to turn around and get married, better have it understood now, and he would take that twenty thousand he was ready to back her with and put it into something else. Mrs. Raymon had quietly reported herself as saying that she would answer for the child's not marrying, and if it would please Mr. McGaw she would see to it even that there was no correspondence whatever between Leslie and Matt Kester. Mr. McGaw would have been perfectly satisfied with this, Mrs. Raymon said, if Leslie had not happened to be there, and had not suddenly begun to drip tears in that silly baby way she had, though too well-raised—that Mrs. Raymon would say—to speak a word. Of course, McGaw had said then that there seemed to be something pretty serious in the business, and he had insisted upon the insertion in the contracts of a clause to the effect that if Leslie married while under his management, the contracts became void, and Mr. McGaw was to be reimbursed for whatever money he had spent on her. Mrs. Raymon denounced this last clause as an outrage; it was easy to see the man knew he had only two helpless women to deal with! He was spending about five thousand to start with; where could they raise any five thousand with which to "reimburse"? Not that it mattered. Leslie had never disobeyed in her life, and it was not likely she was going to begin when she was nineteen years old! There was still in Matt's memory something irrefutable in the loud complacency of Mrs. Raymon's voice.

The face of the little picture in his hand was quite exquisite, and very gentle, very young. From its wistful smile a profound, pathetic innocence seemed just about to tremble into speech. Across the top of the photograph a delicate, uncertain hand had written, "Yours—always—Leslie." Sometimes when Matt Kester had stared very long and hard at this inscription it seemed to him as if it were beginning to fade.

He laid down the photograph, though he still looked at it, his hand went into the drawer again, and brought out a bankbook. He turned to his account; there were credited to him one thousand four hundred and eighty dollars. This was Sunday night. To-morrow the first thing he would deposit forty more. The whole absurd intensity of his life was settled upon two things—the account in the bankbook and the face of a girl three thousand miles away.

It was nine o'clock. Guests continued to arrive, and their caressing violence to explode into the upstairs party. Mr. Kester had lighted his pipe, for even with one's heart closed in a bankbook there are necessities of life, and Belinda, having chosen a station near the fragrant oil-spot, sat up, sedately, sound asleep. Perhaps she, too, in her secretive little heart, consoled herself with dreams of Leslie. The room glowed like a rose with visions. The moist air of the spring evening was very sweet, and was tremulous with faint, earthy odors, light sounds penetrated the gentle dampness as if from a remoter world, the continuous dripping music of the rain splashed upon the paved walk, on the grass, on the opening bushes. Upstairs the piano tinkled on; a woman's voice cut into the darkness, "My little Hong-Kong baby, over the China Sea—my little Hong-Kong baby—" it merged into the mystery of the night, and was transformed there into something infinitely caressing and significant. In Matt's narrow room it was very warm and bright, and yet the curtains and the gaslight stirred a little; it was as if the atmosphere itself were trembling toward some climax, some revelation. Matt was conscious of a terrible tension in his own nerves; it seemed as if things could not keep on as they were, he was incredibly excited, and the intense concentration of his mind upon Leslie tormented him with a sense of possibility, as if he were close to the key of a conjuration by which he might summon her; as if the face he saw with an unnatural clearness would by his own energies be stamped upon the atmosphere, and she herself grow and come toward him out of the shadows.

"My little Hong-Kong baby,  
Over the China Sea—"

The insidious swing of the music was strangely blended—at once a stimulant and a narcotic.

"When will you join me, maybe?  
When will you come to me?"

No, it was not his imagination. The night had formed itself into a conspiracy of reminder; the whole universe was speaking to him in suggestive whispers, of promise, of warning.

"When will our wedding day be—"

Suddenly Belinda opened her eyes, lifted her head, listened, sniffed, and rushed, with raucous calls, straight to the door. In a tumult of expectancy, Matt snatched at the knob and flung the door wide open. He was confronted by the familiar narrowness of the halls, by their empty darkness, by the noises from upstairs. Belinda stood an instant, nosing, and then looked up at him, as if perplexed. They heard a cab stop before the house; the front door bell rang. Every nerve in the young man responded to the clangor; he stood still, listening. A maid answered the summons, and a loud female voice crisply remarked, "Hello, Annie! We'll go right up." In the reaction Matt laughed aloud. "Connie Kennedy!" he exclaimed. "We're daffy as they make 'em, Blinx!" He shut the door and flung himself into his squeaky chair.

Two minutes later there was a knock. Matt raised his eyebrows at Belinda, and admitted a small, sharp lady with fluffy hair and with a ruminative gentleman fumbling in the background.

"Hello, Matt!" said the lady. "Didn't expect to see me, did you? We're on our way up to the Dufferins', but we've stopped in here on business. How's Les? Come in, Kennedy, and shut the door."

Matt installed the lady in his only chair; he himself took the window-sill; Kennedy floundered on the edge of the bed. The young lady—she was about seven-and-twenty—was very small and slight, with preternaturally bright eyes, like a terrier's; under her big red hat her hair was bleached almost white, and was violently curled and frizzed; she wore a red crape dress with a boa of scarlet feathers, and carried a red handbag with an enormous monogram in gilt. Her tiny, nervous, highly manicured hands were beringed and gloveless; she had a pert, little, anxious, honest face.


"Well," she began, "as I said, we came on business."

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**A MONEY MAKER**  
(Continued from page 10)

What's this I hear about your going back with the Orpheum stock?"

"They give me a ten-dollar raise," said Matt.

"Oh, pshaw! what's salary at your age? Opportunity, that's what you want. There's no advance in stock. Don't you believe it? You think 'cause you're just a block off Broadway there's a chance of some first-class manager stepping over and seeing you. Pooh! You might as well be in Kankakee. It took me about six years to learn that, but by that time I knew it all the way through, and I saw that the thing for me to do was to strike out for myself. You knew, of course"—she leaned back into an attitude, and assumed an expression of metallic splendor—"you knew, of course, about my playing 'Ibsen!'"

Matt's hand, that had been lying open on his knee, gave a little twitch. "Lord, no, Connie; I didn't!" he said.

"That's what I complain of in this business, it's so narrowing! Once you're in New York, you never hear what's going on outside of it! Anyway, though, there's plenty of other people heard. I've made good all right enough—oh, in the tall timber, of course, but we can't all be Broadway favorites. Now I want you to listen to me, Matt. I made up my mind to play Ibsen, because it seemed the only way to make people take me seriously. You see, when I first broke away from stock, Kennedy took me out in a musical piece—you remember, 'The Penny Prince.' It was natural we should think about something musical at first, because when I first married Kennedy I was just beginning to be a headliner in the vaudeville houses, with a quick-change song-and-dance turn. Well, we made quite a little out of 'The Penny Prince' for a couple of seasons, but then it was played out, and after that we couldn't seem to strike it—the next year, in a first-rate soubrette piece, was a failure, and the year after that. By that time we couldn't get away from what the manager of about every house we played had been telling us—you remember my dress in 'The Penny Prince'?"

"You made a splendid boy," said Matt.

"Well, I don't deny that, but there you are! The public wanted me in tights or they didn't want me at all. And I hated to go back to tights. They're the hottest things a poor girl was ever stuffed into in hot weather, and the coldest in cold. And, besides, Kennedy didn't like it. After all, you know, for all he's been around so much with actors, he isn't one, he's a manager, and it's not the same. Nobody but ourselves ever really understands, and Kennedy—to have me in tights, it gave him, as far as I can understand, a kind of nervous feeling. And just about that time this Ibsen craze began. I was looking around for something new, some good big breakaway, you understand, and I thought to myself, 'Well, there! if ever I can get myself established as an Ibsen actress, that'll knock the tights idea as flat as a pancake!' Now, you know how I am, Matt; when once I get a notion I get it hard, and that's the way it just seemed to narrow itself down—tights or Ibsen; and I thought I'd try Ibsen. Well, fortune favors the brave!"

"You don't mean," cried Matt, "that you've made it pay?"

"I stayed out. Yes. And I didn't have to put my rings up to do it, either. I don't say we could go right over the same circuit next season, but, thank God, America's a big country! You see, there's a lot of people out there belong to reading societies, and so on, that came because they'd heard about Ibsen, and then I guess the others came because they hadn't. 'Ghosts,' you know, and 'A Doll's House,' and 'The Wild Duck.' Just the names don't give anything away. When you come to think of it, they don't sound so different from any other kind of a show. I've played Nora in Oshkosh, and Mrs. Alving in Anaconda, and Hedda Gabler in Deer's Lick. Sometimes it was hard work. But we paid salaries every week, and I've made my way, and done work that's interesting and elevating, and all that, and ain't it better than hanging around the agencies, and falling all over yourself to be sweet to the managers?"

"But you're a manager yourself, these days," said Matt. They laughed, and he held out his hand. "I'm proud to know you, Connie," he said. Her bright, defiant eyes sparkled at him as she withdrew her grasp.

"Well, now," she said, "that's what I came about. Would you be willing to work for me, Matt?"

He glanced in some surprise from her to the silent Kennedy, and back again. "Why, why me, Connie?" he asked.

"Oh, it works all kinds of ways. I know your work, and it's good, and it would go well with mine, and I want to give you a chance because I like you awfully well, and because I like Les, and I want her to find out what's in you, and I want the public to find it out. And then, you see, Matt, I get awful lonesome on the road, and I want there should be some people in the company I can talk to."

"Mrs. Kennedy feels," her husband unexpectedly interrupted, "that companionship, good, intellectual companionship, brings her, as it were, out."

"Well, it's so, Matt. I'd like first-rate to be literary, and all that, but I get mixed, sometimes, when there isn't a soul in the company ever reads anything but their own notices, and God bless Kennedy, there's none of it in him! But you like the real thing, Matt, in the literary line, I've often noticed it, and yet there's a lot of fun in you—I can

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## A MONEY MAKER

(Continued from page 20)

get on first-rate with you all along the line. And, you know, it's dandy work. You've no idea what good speeches they write, those old codgers. Why, I've brought down the house with Ibsen, many a night, as easy as if it had been Belasco! And this year I'm going to widen the repertoire; I'm going to have two or three new pieces right up to date—Bernard Shaw, you know, and Maeterlinck, that sort of thing—you must have heard of 'um. Oh, come on with us, Matt! They don't want you at the Orpheum like I do. Come and play leads with me, and I'll put on 'John Gabriel Borkman' for you, for matinees!"

She watched with an intent brightness his eager, contemplative face. At length he said, "It's a brute question, Con, but what do you say?"

"Thirty-five a week," she said, "or—I could make it forty, I guess." She wrung her little fingers tight together.

He gave a brief sigh and shook his head. "I get fifty at the Orpheum, and they've offered me sixty for next year. At present, Connie, that's the only way I can look at things. I can't fool with the question of a possible career. I've got to have five thousand dollars, and as soon as I can get it. I've got to have it. That's all I'm looking out for."

The actress leaned forward and laid a hand on Matt's knee. "Dear old boy," she said, "you're sure she's worth it?"

The young fellow flushed and scrutinized his visitor with one of his quick glances. "I'm sure enough, thanks. But—she's told you?"

"Yes? No; her mother. Our trains crossed each other somewhere in the alkali, and we were both laid off for about an hour in a shanty of a depot. Les just sat there sort of pale and sweet and falling to pieces—you know the way she looks—and scarcely opened her mouth, but you bet the old lady's tongue ran, fifteen to the dozen. She was away up in G about Leslie's prospects, and what her position would allow, and what it wouldn't, and she said the best thing about the whole business was that it had got rid of you. She said Mr. McGaw wouldn't let you and Les get married, and that she'd sworn off even from writing. But it seems she's wrenched something out of Les about an understanding between you that you were to save five thousand dollars over night, one way or another, and hand it over to Les, so that any minute she wanted to she could pay that great brute of a McGaw with it and clear out—back to you, I suppose! Well, I can't wonder you don't want her under his thumb, but Ma Raymond didn't feel that way. She said you had darkened enough of the best years of Leslie's life, and the girl didn't deny it."

"Five thousand!" suddenly ejaculated the managerial voice of Mr. Kennedy. "Produce 'Romeo and Juliet' on five thousand!"

"Oh, not the final production, Mr. Kennedy; not in New York. He meant to get it on with that in the West, if he could. He is a little on the cheap to the undrained."

"Well, but look here, Kester. You and she can't clear away from him by paying just the initial expenses. Don't you suppose he's going to have to spend three or four times that the first year or so to keep her out? Do you suppose his star is going to make money from the word go?"

"Good Lord, Kennedy," cried his wife, "the boy's in love with her!"

"Ten thousand, then," said Matt. "At any rate, suppose we don't bang her name around like this."

"No offence!" said Mr. Kennedy.

He and his wife sat looking kindly at the young man, who presently looked up at them with something cordially like a smile. "Look here," he said. "You mean the very best by me, and I'm pretty thankful for your offer of the work, and then, of course, McGaw's odious to me; it's meat and drink to me to hear Connie pitch into him. But what I can't bear is that you should take Leslie for a kind of an Andromeda." Connie slightly blinked. "Leslie doesn't need any old slow-coach of a Perseus to rescue her from McGaw—McGaw nor any other monster. We want to pay the man his money, of course, but Leslie is her own mistress, and does what she thinks best and right. Her life is her own, you know. She has nothing to fear—she never can have anything."

Said Connie: "Is that a literary allusion?"

"What?"

"That about—the monster."

"Oh! Why—yes, I suppose so."

"Ah, you see! That's one of my biggest reasons for wanting you with me. It comes to you so easy!" She sprang up, and, taking him by the shoulders, pulled him toward the gas-jet, peering gravely into his face. "I love you for that lie, too," she said, "about Leslie's courage, and all that. But remember how long I've known the two of you, and the lot I think of you both, and play honest with me, Matt. For, honor bright, I want to put you on to something for both your sakes."

"A gold mine, Connie?"

"No, my dear; something you won't like—a kind of a warning."

She was so near his eyes that she seemed to see something whirl behind them, and she had a sickened fear that Leslie was growing faint. But he laughed and pulled away from her, and went back to his window-seat. He thrust his hand out leisurely into the rain, and closed it on the wet stone of the ledge. "Get ahead, if you want to," he said.

"Well, then, Matt Kester, as you know very well, the old lady don't more than come up to Leslie's shoulder, but she can run Leslie

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## REFORM in Russia

Soon after the meeting of the zemstvo conference which precipitated the present movement in Russia for a more liberal government, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE commissioned Mr. David Bell Macgowan, recently of the Associated Press Bureau in Berlin, to go to Russia and investigate the subject of "The Outlook for Reform in Russia." In so doing, Mr. Macgowan, who is proficient in the Russian language, has obtained a series of significant interviews from prominent statesmen and others, including Minister Witte, who incidentally discusses also the financial side of the war; Count Tolstoi, who criticizes America; Mr. Shipov, leader of the Moscow zemstvo movement; and the editors of the "Novoe Vremya" and the "Grazhdanin."

The story is told in the March CENTURY—a number of great interest and variety.

Here is also found the first of the authoritative accounts of the California miracle-worker, Mr. Luther Burbank, and his experiment:—how he made the edible cacti, the "white blackberry," the odorous dahlia, etc., etc.

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## A MONEY MAKER

(Continued from page 22)

right off the earth. That day, in that little depot, the yelp of her crowded up the whole place; if I had to live with her I'd pray God to strike me dead, and as for that poor child, I'll bet her nerves were as bruised as if she'd been beaten. Not that she turned a hair. McGaw and the maid kept flapping round the girl, trying to keep her awake it looked like, and every now and then she would lift those lazy, dewy kind of eyes she's got and make a stagger at a smile; oh, she's pretty, Lord knows! But for all the interest in her business that she showed, and her career and all that, you'd have thought she was going to pass right out!"

"Is this your idea of curing me, Constance?" asked Matt. He looked at her teasingly. "Do you think you are drawing the kind of picture to steel a gentleman's heart?"

"Not steel!" gayly interrupted Mr. Kennedy. "Steal! Steal it, you know." He began to laugh quietly, but immoderately.

His wife regarded him with gravity. "He's awful popular with men," she said. "Well, about Les—the Lord knows I'm not trying to harden your heart against the girl, Matt Kester. But I do want to open your eyes."

Leslie's no heroine, Matt; she's a young lady. And young ladies mind their mothers. I tell you she sat there with her hands in her lap, and that black silk head of hers drooping back against the wall, and one way or another, there was something dreadful about it. She never made a move, and everybody treated her as if she was glass, and yet it seemed as if they'd got the girl jalled up somehow. She's not to be blamed for anything she may do, poor little thing, any more than if she was smothered into doing it."

Matt, with scrupulous exactitude, was refilling his pipe. "You mean you're afraid she'll marry McGaw," he said.

Connie took a fierce breath. "Well, yes, then; I am," she answered.

"Suppose we let it drop," said Matt.

"Now, look here, Matt Kester, that's simply airs. They've made up their minds, Ma Raymond and McGaw, that he's to have her. And the worst of it all is that she had some sort of a regular fight with McGaw a good while ago, and lost out on it. He came into her dressing-room one night to pay her salary, and did some jay trick—squeezed her hand or something—Ma Raymond sitting by, you understand, quite complacent. Well, it seems the poor little soul made a flutter for once—spoke up and said he'd have to keep his distance or she'd leave, and so on. Then in strikes mother and tells her she ought to be ashamed, and that however much of a fool she makes of herself she can rest assured she's not going to leave, and then there's a general rumpus, and tea's and all, and Leslie squelched. It's the worst kind of a pity, for it was her biggest throw, and she's exhausted herself in it, can't you see? Why, you know she's been raised to be a star, and for all this Juliet business just especial, and she couldn't break away now; she couldn't! She's put herself in the wrong at the start, so that they treat her like a naughty little princess, and it's just that fust has made McGaw so keen on her. Otherwise, he'd most likely have waited to see how much she made; but now, he's just set on marrying her, if it's only to tame her, don't you see? That was months ago; I wouldn't be one bit surprised to find that by this time he had just simply married her. They'd keep it quiet, you know, for business reasons. And now, Matt, listen. This is my trump card; if I make good this season like I have before, then in the spring I'm to have three weeks on Broadway! Of course, if that comes, they'll want me to fill my cast up with big names; but if you had been with me the whole season, and I could say I knew for sure you were the best ever, anyhow in the literary drama, why, I'd stand out for you to play my leads with me on Broadway against all the managers of all the theatres in New York! Why, you'd be made!"

"But if it doesn't come off? And, meanwhile, I must be making my five thousand dollars."

She stared at him, her face quivering with a look of tears. "Well, I give you up!" she said. "But you just break my heart, Matt Kester."

Mr. Kennedy stirred with a vague restiveness. "It is unnecessary to observe," said he, "that Mrs. Kennedy's interest is purely intellectual, and, as one might say, platonic."

"Oh, pooh! Kennedy!" said the lady. "The boy's a fool, but he's a nice boy." She held out her hand. "You don't thank me, I know," she said, "and I only hope you'll never have cause to."

Matt shook hands, and then he took her by the shoulders and looked gravely into her true, good, greedy little face. "I do thank you," he said; "don't dare to think me such a loafer as not to know how good, how good you've been. You're simply gold, Connie Kennedy. They're calling you."

The halls were filled with the sound of her name. She shrugged her shoulders, and moved away from him. "Yes," she said, "we're going up to the party. I'm going to sing a couple of coon songs for 'em; that used to be one of my specialties, you know. That's where I get ahead of all of 'em, in 'A Doll's House'—I'm not fazed by the song-and-dance, like your society actresses! Well, good-night, old boy. Come along, Kennedy."

She nodded at her host and went swiftly out, Kennedy trundling after her. They were received into the party with acclaim, and Matt, dropping back upon the window seat, began to surround himself with a shroud of smoke.

## A Kalamazoo



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SENATOR DAVID WARK OF FREDERICTON, N. B.  
This photograph was made after he had passed his one hundredth birthday.

**A CANADIAN PATRIARCH**  
By W. S. HARWOOD

THERE was a certain fascination in sitting by the side of a man who was over one hundred years old, and who had been in public life for almost three-quarters of a century, while he told of some of the events which had passed before him in the midst of the longest public service of any man in the world.

The interest was heightened by the fact that this man, Senator David Wark of Fredericton, New Brunswick, was in the full possession of his faculties, as nimble of wit as one could wish; as clear of thought, as cogent in reasoning, as forceful in the presentation of a fact as a man of fifty.

When Napoleon was at the height of his power this man was a boy of ten, and he was seventeen years of age, able, as he put it, to do the full day's work of a man, when the Little Corporal lay dead at St. Helena. He remembers vividly the battle of Waterloo, and is full of incidents surrounding the event as the news of it came filtering into his far-away home in the north of Ireland.

All his life long he has been temperate in his ways. "When I was a young fellow, seventy or eighty years ago," he said, "I used to drink liquor with my companions, but it didn't seem to do me any good, and it did most of them a good deal of harm, so I stopped it and haven't used any since."

It may be of interest to know what a man eats who has passed the century mark and is still in public life, the oldest legislator in the world. Very little meat, save poultry, though this is more owing to his lack of teeth for chewing—he refused to have a new set, for it was not worth the while, he said, at his time of life. He eats vegetables of all kinds, and is particularly fond of all sorts of berries and fruits. He eats no pastry of any kind and no rich foods. Tea and coffee are both factors in his dietary.

Senator Wark has been a member of the Upper House of the Dominion Parliament since that body was established at the time of Canadian Federation in 1867. He was appointed by Queen Victoria, and holds his commission signed by her own hand. He had held many public offices in the shire in which he lived in the Province of New Brunswick, and, in 1842, was elected a member of the Provincial Legislature from the County of York. Then for twenty years, after he had served eight years in the Assembly, he held a seat in the Legislative Council, from that body being appointed to the first Dominion Senate.

Senator Wark has played no inconsiderable part in Dominion affairs. In 1847 he introduced and advocated a resolution in the New Brunswick Legislature for freer trade relations between the different provinces. This resolution was adopted and paved the way for reciprocal relations between all of the provinces. The United States had the same privileges up to that time, but, under the new law, was obliged to pay duties. This resulted in the reciprocity treaty of 1854 between the two countries, continuing until 1866. He has been particularly interested in the development of agriculture and in the advancement of education, and his hand has been seen in the advancement of both these interests in the Dominion.

When he reached the age of one hundred years, in February, 1904, he received elaborately prepared addresses from the Dominion Senate, from the University of New Brunswick, from the municipality of Fredericton, his home, and from the church of which he is a devoted member, the Presbyterian. In the Dominion Senate his birthday was appropriately observed, and the address of his fellows was responded to by himself in a speech of the most happy character.

For the last two sessions of the Senate the Government has wished to send a private car to carry him from his home in Fredericton to the capital city, Ottawa; but, no; no such parade for the sturdy old man; he would travel as other people or not at all.

One would not forget the white-faced figure sitting by the window with the autumn rains falling so softly on the brown leaves outside. It was a cheery, encouraging face; it bore never a hint of the pathetic; it was radiant with hope.

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## The Second Year's Campaign

(Continued from page 17)

The change of conditions due to modern arms completed his conviction.

Back of their fortifications in their dugouts the little men settled down as snug as a bug in a rug. They were ready to spring to their trenches at a moment's notice, in the event of attack. Their strategic line has been kept intact; but energy has not been wasted in attempting a great offensive movement. Every detail for making the soldiers comfortable had been thought out beforehand by the painstaking staff. Here is an example. In 1901 Japan was threatened with the plague. A bounty was offered for rats, which are the chief carriers of plague germs. Youthful Japan of the poorer urban districts was given over to the chase. Carcasses came in by millions. Their skins are now used as ear muffers on the Sha. Could a Government show keener thrift or presence?

More than to Oyama, with an organization already perfected, these long winter months should have meant to Kuropatkin invaluable time for restoring confidence, beating his assorted legions into a mobile, responsive unit and holding "school" among his officers. But Kuropatkin has responsibility without authority. He is the unhappy head of a machine of broken parts. Before he gets it fairly into running order or has a full head of steam, the Grand Dukes insist upon putting it on the road.

The Grand Dukes have been brought up to believe that Russian life is as cheap as Grand Dukes are dear and all that you have to do is to throw enough Russian lives against an enemy and the enemy must break before the mass. Till the little leather-skinned dwarfs blocked the way, a thing ordered was a thing done. So the carpet knights kept ordering Kuropatkin to drive the Japanese into the sea. Against his own judgment, the commander was forced to send Stakeberg on his disastrous mission for the relief of Port Arthur; to make a stand at Liao-Yang; to fight at the Sha River, where he lost 60,000 men against 20,000 for the Japanese.

After this it was thought that he would be allowed to have his own way. Naturally the Grand Dukes became impatient again. They had found a man who agreed with their discovery that the thing to do was to defeat the enemy instead of being defeated.

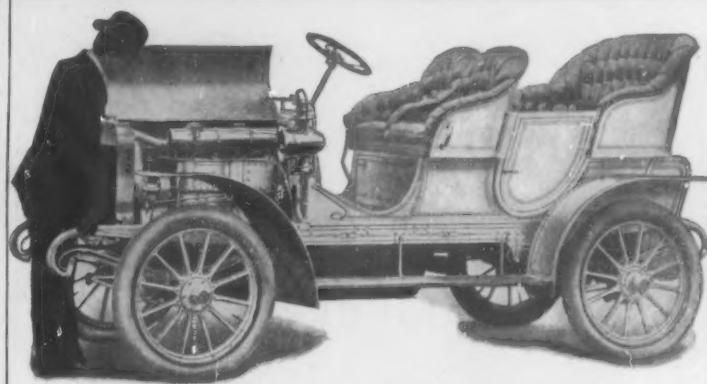
The little Japanese could not stand the cold; the big Russians could; winter was the time to strike. To Hades with such inertia! If the Russians march in February, why can't they fight in February? We are all dashing heroes when the room is warm and the champagne is vintage. Who expects a Grand Duke to know much, least of all to know that marching is exercising and fighting is hugging the ground for cover for days without fires or cooked food?

Scipio Gripenberg

When Gripenberg was sent out to take command of the Second Army no one seemed to know just what were to be his relations with Kuropatkin. Time revealed them. Though his force was a part of an integral whole which could hope for success only when it fought as a unit, Gripenberg proceeded to wage battle on his own account. This Scipio would show Fabius up in his true colors. He would not take a note from his predecessors and learned by experience that lesson which was first taught at the Yalu. There were excuses, of course. Sakaroff, one of the commanders, said that he fell back in order "to avoid a defeat." Oh, ingenious Sakaroff! So might a prizefighter who had received a knockout blow say that he did not return it because that would be disobeying the Biblical injunction. Heikoutai cost the Russians a defeat and an admitted loss of 17,000. That was far from all. It told the world that the head of the Siberian forces was not a real head. The divided counsels on the banks of the Neva were reflected on the banks of the Sha. A quarrel between generals was revealed to the army by a disaster which left the wounded to freeze on the field. On the very eve of the spring campaign the ignorant, superstitious reservist—come 7,000 to 9,000 miles to fight in a cause he does not understand—has his confidence and spirit of corps undermined.

When Kuropatkin set out for the front he was quoted as saying that his objective was Tokio. He was also quoted as telling his officers that they would not return for two years and when they did return they would be old and gray. The year of organization and preparation is behind him. The second year—the year for advance—is at hand. It finds him without the power to select his own lieutenants; without a single general of the proved ability of a dozen on the Japanese side. The old saying that autocracy had the military advantage of centralizing authority has been shown to be a mockery. No Parliament has ever "interfered" so unfortunately as the Grand Dukes. Tokio ought to erect statues to them all.

If the single-track railroad can maintain only 300,000 men in the field, success is impossible. With no hope of progress on land, why should Russia run the risk of losing more than she has already lost? Why should the laughter continue? Reason dictates peace. But reason has played a small part in Russia's Far Eastern policy. Reason dictated peace for France after Sedan. France's pride would not permit submission. No more will Russia's. The orgy of blood on the Manchurian plain will go on till one gladiator with the other under his feet cries "Habel!" If this comes from Russian lips they will be Rojstevsky's.



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## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

### The World's Lumber Supply

WHAT is the actual state of the forests of the world? Is the visible supply decreasing, or stationary or gaining on the demand? There has been a deal of estimating done on this subject in years past. For a long time the academic view was very simple—in ten or twenty years the end would come. But in recent years there has been a more reliable sort of timber-statistics; we begin to grasp the entire problem and are better able to make allowances for the recuperative forces. The students of the subject no longer try to predict dates with precision; they endeavor to find out in detail the demands, and the actual condition of the forest resources in different countries. Doing this, they practically agree that the annual growth of timber in civilized countries is less than the annual cut. In other words, they state that leading nations are even now drawing upon the "forest capital."

In the "Forestry Quarterly" for January and April, 1903, Professor Fernow notes a decided increase in wood consumption per capita. The same thing is happening in England, France, Germany, and other countries, and though scientific forestry has long been adopted abroad, larger and larger amounts of lumber are being imported into these countries from Russia, Norway, Sweden, Canada, and the United States. Dr. Schlich, a well-known authority, says that only five out of eighteen European countries export more timber than they import, and that the per capita consumption in countries like Germany is now fourteen cubic feet per year, and will soon be twenty cubic feet. The coming scarcity of timber will first be felt, he says, in the coniferous woods.

England annually imports lumber to the value of about \$100,000,000, requiring about 15,000,000 acres of well-kept forest to supply it. Germany imports twenty-four per cent of its lumber. The remark recently made by one of the members of the German Commission sent to this country, that in fifty years we will be importing our pine timber from Germany, "whose forests will never give out," was a truly absurd one. Germany's splendid state forests can not be materially enlarged, nor their yield greatly increased, and in fifty years that country will be in the market for not less than half of its lumber.

Turning to the United States, Henry Ganett of the Geological Survey, taking the census figures and other exhaustive reports and statistics, estimates that the total stand, without the yearly growth, would last fifty years, at the present rate of consumption. But the steady increase of that rate more than uses up the annual increment, so that our timber capital is actually being lessened.

The president of the Mississippi Valley Lumbermen's Association, in a pamphlet published in March, 1903, shows that the end of the White Pine is so near that in ten years more it will "disappear as an important factor in the lumber trade," and that the stock of Longleaf Pine is nearly as much depleted. Scientific forestry will probably in time restore the balance between annual growth and annual cut, and might even give us a surplus to supply European demands.

### Flour Bleached by Electricity

AT least one patent—and there may be others—has been granted in this country to a process for bleaching flour by electricity. The process depends on the bleaching action of the gases produced by sending an electric current through air or water. A French chemist has examined a sample of an electrically bleached flour to see if the composition had been changed in the process; no mention is made of the source of the flour or of where it was bleached. He reports that the sample is undoubtedly whiter than the unbleached flour, but that it has a less pleasant taste and odor. The general composition is scarcely altered; there is a slight development of acid and a change in the character of the fats, a change in the direction of acidity. It is shown, therefore, that the food value of the flour is not changed by bleaching, but that the product has the odor and taste of an old and somewhat stale article. Since the whiteness of flour is a purely aesthetic matter, it certainly seems questionable whether it is worth while to please the eye at the expense of the palate.

### A New Arc Lamp

A DISTINCT step has been taken in the development of the electric light by the perfecting of the new magnetite arc lamp. In the ordinary lamps the light is furnished by carbon electrodes heated to such a temperature that they glow with the intense light with which we are all familiar. In such a light the efficiency is very low and the light furnished is removed some distance from perfection. The new arc lamp gives its light, not from a heated electrode, but from the arc itself. It has been found that one of the common iron ores, magnetite, will slowly volatilize when used as the negative electrode of an arc, and that the gaseous particles glow with a brilliant light. In the construction of the new lamp the negative electrode is magnetite and the positive electrode is copper.

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## SCIENCE NOTES

(Continued from page 26)

The magnetite is not used pure, but is mixed with small amounts of titanium and other elements which add steadiness to the current and prolong the life of the electrode. The positive copper electrode is permanent when of the proper size; if it is too small it becomes hot and is consumed; if too large, particles of magnetite are deposited on it. The magnetite electrode is much more lasting than the carbon of the ordinary arc lamp. An eight-inch magnetite electrode will last for 150 to 200 hours and can be made, with a slight loss of efficiency, to last 500 to 600, or about as long as the incandescent light. The best arc length is from  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches, and, in the lamp as now constructed a simple automatic device keeps the electrodes at this distance from each other.

### Making New Fruits

JUDGING from the results and opinions given by Professor Hanson, in a report from the North Dakota Experiment Station, it is highly probable that new varieties of cultivated fruits are to be obtained from the Western sand cherry. Hanson has experimented for many years with this fruit, which even in its wild state is not to be despised for cooking purposes. The fruit is borne on a low shrub, which is native to the plains of Nebraska and Kansas and the region northward, and is capable of vigorous growth in places where the small fruits of the East can not be raised. Under cultivation this sand cherry has already been much improved, yielding, in some varieties, fruits three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and of very fair quality for eating. Moreover, the species readily lends itself to hybridization with other stone fruits and to use as a stock for grafting. One of the hybrids already obtained is a valuable addition to the fruits of the region. Professor Hanson believes that by the further use of this species it will be possible to develop new varieties, having the dwarf habit and great resistance to the unfavorable climatic conditions of the exposed prairies characteristic of the sand cherry, and yet bearing fruit of fine flavor and good size.

### The Hudson River Canyon

RECENT investigations of the sea bottom of the Atlantic at distances of a hundred miles and more off New York harbor have shown that part of the old bed of the Hudson—now submerged—was at the bottom of a great canyon. At one period in the geological history of this continent the eastern coast was some 9,000 feet higher than now, and in consequence the Atlantic Ocean was many miles from the present site of New York. The Hudson River on its way to the sea appears to have had for a part of the way a canyon at least 3,800 feet deep and with a width of less than two miles. The soundings have not been carried out systematically enough as yet to enable geologists to map all of the topographical features of this ancient river bed, but it is known that nearer its mouth the canyon spread out into a widening valley which probably ran down to the sea.

### Some Interesting Patents

PROBABLY every one has heard of the practical joker who held the lighted end of a cigar rear the back of a friend's neck: it happened to touch the friend's collar and the collar was celluloid. Two new methods for making fireproof celluloid have recently been patented in France. One process calls for an admixture of fish glue, gum-arabic, gelatin, and colza oil in proportions which lead one to imagine a product differing considerably from celluloid. The other process consists in mixing the chlorides of magnesium, calcium, strontium, and aluminum with the celluloid in order to render it unflammable.

The holder of an English patent proposes to mix certain chemicals with the waste yeast from the breweries and make therefrom a new fertilizer. A fertilizer made according to the specifications of the patent would certainly be a very concentrated plant food.

A German patent was taken out last November covering a method for locating shoals of fish by means of electricity. A microphone attached to a battery and a telephone is let down into the water. As long as the wooden cover of the microphone is not touched the telephone remains silent; when a school of fish is passing the taps of the fish striking the microphone apparatus are heard in the telephone. The length of the rope to which the microphone is attached indicates the depth at which the fish are swimming.

### Electricity for Fractures

AN Italian scientist, Francesco Blasi, has been experimenting on the influence of various electric currents on the knitting of bones. The action of galvanic, static, and faradic currents was tried on fractured bones of rabbits. Although all the currents showed some beneficial effects, the galvanic current was by all means the most effective, the swelling was quickly reduced and the union of the bone hastened. After the helpful action of galvanic current had been demonstrated on rabbits, their influence was tried on man. The same beneficial results were obtained. In one case where the bone had refused to knit for over a month galvanism was applied, and in three weeks the fracture was cured. In cases treated by galvanism there is a noticeable lessening of the usual atrophy and inability to use the part after the removal of the splint.

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